HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1442.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884.

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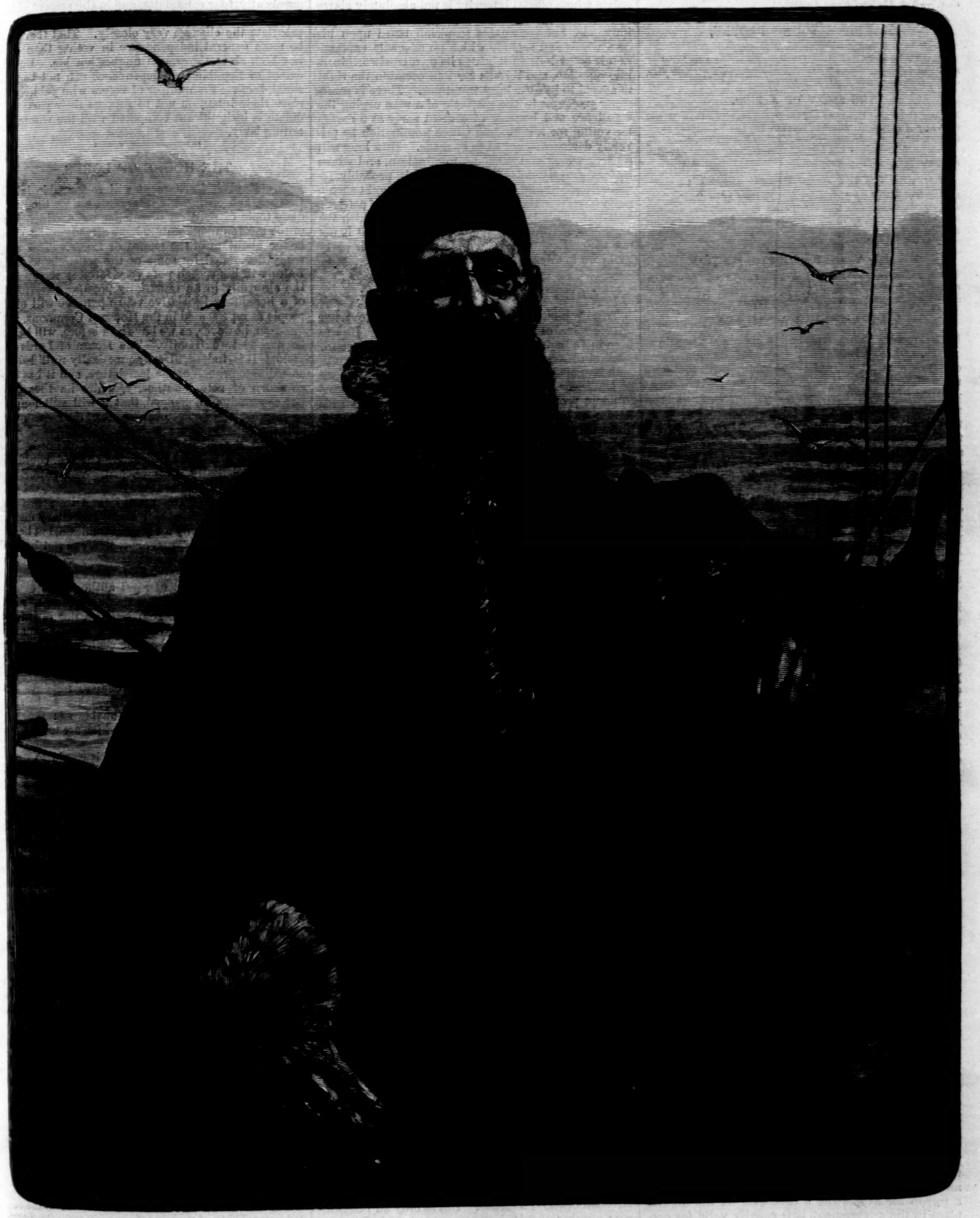

LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. HARLOW, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 516.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, August 9, 1884.

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Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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"DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED, NURSEY";

to "*Wait for Me,*" *by* A. Daggy; *to* "*Ye Song of ye Gossips,*" *the verses and drawings by* Howard Pyle; *and to various sketches, illustrating the text, by* C. D. Weldon, Jessie Shepherd, Culmer Barnes, M. L. D. Watson, *and others.*

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A DISASTROUS ARGUMENT.

THE moment when a party has just made a nomination which a large body of its stanchest members can not support is an ill-chosen moment to insist upon the great party traditions. The **Blaine** campaign thus far has been directed against Republicans, not against Democrats, and its argument has been that the party has rendered services so illustrious that any candidate whom it may nominate ought to be supported because of those services, and because the party is greater than any man. Would that argument satisfy any self-respecting Republican if **Dorsey** had been nominated? If not, it is no argument; because if a Republican might properly refuse to vote for **Dorsey** as an unfit candidate, he may with equal propriety refuse his vote to any other candidate whom he may hold to be unfit. The readers of **Harper's Weekly** are not unused to see the great Republican traditions and services justly honored. But the **Weekly** has most inadequately set forth its views if it has not plainly taught that the glorious issue of the civil war, the unconditional triumph of the national Union, the abolition of slavery, the political enfranchisement of the freedmen, the maintenance of the financial honor of the country unsullied, the legislation of reconstruction—all the famous deeds of the party—while just causes of Republican pride and congratulation, in which all Republicans share, are not reasons for any Republican to support a Presidential candidate whom he holds to be unworthy, merely because he has been nominated by a Republican Convention. Those who hold and defend this extraordinary view forget that a party is but an agency, and that nothing is more absurd than to talk of "treachery" to a party. There would never have been any Republican party if Free-soil Democrats and Conscience Whigs had not been "traitors" to their parties—in other words, if they had not been patriots. "I am here," said Mr. **Bryant**—who had been a leading Democrat—at a Republican meeting in 1856, "because I have followed my principles out of my party."

The great traditions of the Republican party would never have existed except for the conviction and courage that make support of an unworthy candidate impossible. Mere personal preferences, differences of opinion, even points of policy, may be honorably and wisely yielded to promote a common purpose, but not considerations affecting official integrity and the national character. The doctrine which has long been a disgrace of our politics that the men whom a party selects for its executive agents need not be regarded, so long as the party is trustworthy, is a shallow sophistry which has not been frankly declared and defended by Republican leaders until now. Stripped of its smooth and plausible phrase, it is the old and familiar cry that we must vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. The argument is that we vote for a party, not for a man, and if a party be trustworthy, the candidate need not be so. But if it were proposed to place a Star Route swindler in the chair of **Lincoln**, the proposition would be defended by the same argument. And the conclusion is absurd, because if it be a reason for supporting a candidate for the highest place in the government, it is equally valid for supporting such candidates for all the lower places. If it be said that an unworthy candidate is only one man against a party, the remark implies that he is unfit, and then the question must be answered, why, if the party be so trustworthy, did it select an unfit candidate?

How is the trustworthiness of a party to be proved? Not by conduct which discredits its traditions, nor by appeals to its spirit and achievements in another generation, but by its deeds of to-day, and chief among them is its choice of executive agents. If the party be under the control of its true principles and traditions, it will select agents who represent its aims and character. If, however, it does not care for the influences that control a nomination, it will not care for those that control an administration. Had the Republican party in other days nominated a slave-driver, it would have been idle to argue that it was a trustworthy party of freedom. When it nominates a candidate whose official integrity is not absolutely above reasonable suspicion—not campaign slander and vague innuendo, but reasonable suspicion based upon his own words and acts for which no adequate explanation is offered—then it brings its own trustworthiness into question, and forfeits for that occasion the right to appeal to its own lofty traditions. There is something grotesque in the spectacle of a man urging the excellence and honesty of a great party as a reason for voting for a candidate whose nomination he privately deplores as not fit to be made. How long will a party which makes such a nomination, and whose leaders gravely defend and support it, probably remain excellent and honest? How long ought such a party to receive the respect and confidence of patriotic citizens? This is the inevitable question which the argument invites, and therefore the argument is not one which Republicans who are proud of their party will care to tolerate.

THE PROHIBITION NOMINATION.

THE Prohibition party has nominated ex-Governor **John P. St. John**, of Kansas, for President. He was born in Indiana, and after practicing law in Missouri, settled in Kansas, where he served as a Republican in both branches of the Legislature, and was twice elected Governor. He tried to persuade the Republicans to adopt prohibition as a party policy, and upon his failure he left the party and devoted himself to the cause of prohibition. Governor **St. John** is about forty-eight years of age. The object of the Prohibition party is the repeal of the laws which permit the importation, manufacture, supply, and sale of alcoholic beverages. The platform recites at length the disastrous results to private and public morals, to the peace and welfare of society, and to the prospects of the country which are produced by the liquor traffic. It declares that the Republican party during the long term of its power has practically done nothing to restrain the ravages of the monstrous evil, and that the Democratic party guiltily allies itself with the liquor interest; and while the platform admits that important reforms are demanded to secure purity of administration and the general welfare, yet it holds that they are insignificant when compared with the reform of the drink traffic; and as the first Republican platform of 1856 classed slavery and polygamy together as twin relics of barbarism, the Prohibition platform of 1884 demands that no Territory shall be admitted as a State whose Constitution does not expressly prohibit polygamy, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

This is not the first time that the Prohibitionists have nominated a candidate, but the organization of the party has not been such as to bring out a very imposing and effective vote. There is a very wide-spread and strong public sentiment in favor of a strict regulation of the liquor traffic, and an important part of it undoubtedly favors prohibition. But the temperance party far outnumbers the Prohibition party, and this is partly the cause of the insignificant vote which the latter generally shows. Another and more effective reason is that to organize the means by which a separate party vote can be brought out requires time, money, and incessant and detailed labor, which not many men are able or willing to contribute. Thus to bring the voters who agree with the Prohibition platform to the polls requires the selection of an elector in every Congressional district in the country, and in every district an active committee which will canvass and enroll the voters, distribute documents, hold meetings, and take care that trusty men are provided at every poll in the State to supply the proper ballots, and to keep the tallies, and to bring the backward voters to the ballot-box. This must be done at every poll in every district of every State, and the work required is so vast and constant that it will not be done unless at every point there is a body of persons who are so deeply interested that they will devote themselves to it. In 1880 there were 10,000 votes cast for **Neal Dow**, the Prohibition candidate, and 707 for **J. W. Phelps**, the Anti-Secret-Society candidate. Such figures, of course, are no index to the number of persons in the country who favor prohibition or the restriction of secret societies. But at only an insignificant number of polls in the country were ballots procurable, because there was no adequate party organization.

In some of the States this year, however, there will probably be an effective organization. The power of the Prohibition sentiment has been shown at the West, and in the general relaxation of party ties the probabilities of a large Prohibition vote in several States are much increased. The nomination of Governor **St. John** adds another element of uncertainty to the canvass. Probably nine-tenths of the Prohibition vote will be drawn from the Republican party, whose candidates are denounced by the Prohibition platform as virtually recommending the perpetuation of the traffic in their propositions to distribute among the States the revenue derived from it, thus making the States partners in the traffic. How far this may be set off by the open or concealed hostility of the **Butler** and Tammany Democrats to Governor **Cleveland** can not be determined. There will be, apparently, four candidates, and in the present abnormal and disturbed political situation it is not easy to calculate the chances very closely. That there will be more general independence in voting than there has been since the war is unquestionable. But the extent of Republican independence can not be measured, because the number of voters who publicly declare their intention not to support their party candidate is insignificant compared with the whole protesting body.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE English Parliament will re-assemble late in October, and during the intervening time the immediate topic of political discussion, upon which some of the most eminent orators have already spoken, will be the abolition of the House of Lords. This is already demanded by some of the journals, and Mr. **Bright** in his speech puts very forcibly the point of the absurdity in an essentially popular government of a hereditary legislative veto upon the will of the people as represented in the House of Commons. The question, however, as we have said before, will hardly be pushed to extremity. The House of Lords will yield. It is, indeed, already practically nullified as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, and it has been so shorn of actual authority, while its theoretical power remains unchanged, that it will still long remain probably as a decorative part of the British Constitution.

Indeed, the abolition of the House of Lords, however easily it might be formally effected, could not readily be actually accomplished. The power of a great social tradition is not seriously disturbed by an outward change. The prestige and influence that come from vast possessions, and a hereditary distinction which is not only a national tradition, but has become part of the national character, can not be abolished by act of Parliament. The experience of "**Oliver's**" Parliaments and of the French Convention shows the limits of legal authority in dealing with such questions. The English peerage, moreover, is not a body of Tom Noddies, nor of inferior men and women. It embraces character, courage, ability, cultivation, and refinement, which are conspicuous and essential forces in English life. The absurdity of much of its obsolete structure is undeniable. The inevitability of its change, to conform to the changed conditions of society, is not to be questioned. But equally unquestionable are the high character and the great ability which are to be found under coronets.

This power would remain, and it would be united and commanding, under any new form, unless there were a total overthrow of every fundamental condition of British polity and civilization, and that is not to be anticipated. The king over the water, a fugitive and forlorn, was still "his Majesty." **Larochejaquelin** and **Montalembert** did not cease to be names which were spells because nobility was abolished. **Thackeray's** *Snob Papers* show only how ineradicable is the British love of a lord. Add to that feeling sympathy for misfortune, and you have made the loyalty only stronger. Already the political power of the British peerage is greatly curtailed. Its legislative veto is practically abolished. But until its vast estates are sequestered, and its social influence forfeited by a general decline of intellectual ability and by personal unworthiness, it will still remain one of the most interesting monuments of the older civilization, because still showing the reason of its existence and power.

MR. HENDRICKS AND THE CIVIL WAR.

IN reply to the charge that Mr. **Hendricks** was a Copperhead during the civil war the following statement is published, which was made by him to a journal which had apparently accused him of want of patriotism:

> "Since the war commenced I have uniformly said that the authority of the government of the United States is not questioned in Indiana, and that I regarded it as the duty of the citizens of Indiana to respect and maintain authority, and to give the government an earnest and honest support in the prosecution of the war, until, in the providence of God, it may be brought to an honorable conclusion, and the blessings of peace restored to our country, postponing until that time all controversy in relation to the causes and responsibilities of the war. No man will feel a deeper solicitude in the welfare and proud bearing of Indiana's soldiery in the conflict of arms to which they are called than myself. Allow me to add that in my judgment a citizen or newspaper is not serving

the country well in the present crisis by attempting to give a partisan aspect to the war, or by seeking to pervert the cause of the country to party ends. T. A. Hendricks."

The highest praise of Mr. Hendricks that we have seen is in an article in the New York *Tribune* of July 22, 1872, when it was under its present editorial management. It describes him as

> "an honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician....His record as Senator, Representative, Commissioner, and State legislator is pure and untarnished, and whatever he is able to do for justice and public morals, when chosen Governor of Indiana, we may be sure he will do....He is willing to leave all past differences as immaterial to the intelligent consideration of the work before us....When public morality is to be revived, good men of all parties must combine. Pursuing this noble principle, then, Mr. Hendricks refuses to be distracted by the petty cries of men eager to alienate natural friends by recalling old-time differences....What we have now to do is to put an end to unjust legislation, and reform the abuses which burden the whole government. We will not be deterred from this labor by those who strive to arouse evil passions that party supremacy may be maintained."

The *Tribune* now says that "to judge of the party the people must consider what sort of a man Mr. Hendricks was in the Senate and in his State, and the examination will not result to his benefit." In 1872, however, when the record was fresh, the *Tribune* considered it, and declared, as we have seen, that "his record as Senator, Representative, Commissioner, and State legislator is pure and untarnished."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

The recent investigation into the progress of cholera in France indicates that whatever may be the origin of the disease or its methods of propagation, the conditions most favorable to its establishment as an epidemic are furnished by a neglect of obvious sanitary precautions. This is in one way an encouraging fact, but it puts upon the municipal authorities of all American cities a very heavy responsibility. The history of cholera indicates that we shall have some ten months in which to set our cities in order against the pestilence, and that if we have not then done our duty, we shall have a terrible penalty to pay for our neglect.

It remains true, however, that our first business is to keep cholera out of the country, not to take measures for limiting its ravages after it has entered. A case has just been reported in New York in which the Health Officer ordered the detention of three passengers arriving from infected French ports, but released them upon finding that they were merely in transit to South America, and permitted them to wander about the streets. This may have been his duty under the law, but in such cases as this usurpation of authority may be not only excusable, but a positive duty. Besides, international comity should prevent us from "passing on" a possibility of pestilence to countries as yet uninfected. The efforts of all governments should be directed to localizing the cholera in the countries where it has already appeared.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

Even the most earnest advocates of the Naquet law in France must have been surprised by the extent of the demand for that measure which has now been known to exist. As soon as the public was officially notified that the measure had become law, three thousand applications for divorce were entered, affecting, of course, twice that number of people who are married but not mated. It might have been expected that, in deference to the opinion of their neighbors, the great majority of the mismated people who are galled by their matrimonial bonds would wait to see how a recourse to the law would affect their social standing; and this is doubtless the fact.

That the marriage laws in most of the States of this Union are too lax, very few people will deny. Most certainly no cause for divorce should be allowed but that which defeats every purpose of the marriage relation. To a great extent it must be true that people must abide by the consequences of their mistakes. But the extreme ground that has been taken in France, and in most countries nominally Roman Catholic, is no more to be justified as a matter of public policy than it is calculated to promote private happiness. It can only be maintained by law where the sacramental view of marriage prevails, according to which a married person assumes all the responsibilities for the actions of the other party to the marriage, and a mistake in marriage is not legally retrievable except by death.

This view is no longer extensively held, even in Roman Catholic countries, except by the priesthood. The only secular arguments by which it can be maintained are that the absolute indissolubility of marriage tends to promote the welfare of children—whose welfare should be one of the chief objects of a marriage law—and that it tends to discourage immorality. The recent history of France does not confirm this reasoning. The welfare of children is not better secured because the happiness of parents is absolutely sacrificed to it, and the indissolubility of marriage acts as a direct encouragement to immorality. The new divorce law simply recognizes and faces the actual conditions of French society.

A LEPER SHOW.

A physician of San Francisco is reported to be on his way East with a small but select assortment of Chinese lepers, whom it is his amiable intention to exhibit for money in the cities of the East. It is needless to add that the exhibitor is not a vulgar showman, but that he has a high and holy purpose. His mission is to excite the apathetic people of the Atlantic sea-board to the active antipathy against the Chinese which now animates the Pacific hoodlum.

This purpose, however laudable in itself, can scarcely be called a practical purpose. The hoodlum has fully achieved his purpose. The anti-Chinese bill was drawn in strict conformity with his views, and both political parties have avowed their willingness to make any further enactment against the Chinese that may ease his mind. Nothing further has as yet suggested itself to him. Nothing further, indeed, can be suggested except to send back the Chinese who are already here, or to kill them where they are in order to save trouble. An exhibition of lepers would be relevant to that purpose if there were danger that the Chinese lepers would communicate their disease to the native population. Unfortunately for this purpose, the mediæval notion that leprosy was either contagious or infectious is now discredited by scientific authorities; and if there were any danger from that source, the readiest way to invite it would be to exhibit a troupe of lepers in our principal cities.

Nevertheless, an exhibition may be imagined which would excite in all fair minds a deep disgust for the Chinese. If a Chinaman could be found who had been permitted by the Chinese authorities and by Chinese public opinion to exhibit throughout the Middle Kingdom a party of American sufferers from a horrible malady, not, as he avowed, in order to pander to a particularly morbid curiosity, but to excite the hatred of his countrymen for the nation to which the wretched creatures belonged, such a Chinaman would constitute a valid anti-Chinese argument. If the hoodlums should capture him and show him throughout the country, with an authenticated statement of what he had been doing, the indignation against the country which had permitted him to do such a thing would be deep, and it would be deserved

"A DEMOCRATIC VIEW."

We would call the attention of our readers to an important communication which appears in another part of this paper under the above heading. It is from the pen of the ablest constitutional lawyer of the country.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Tilden's health has improved of late, and although it might not have been equal to the responsibilities, cares, and activities of a Presidential campaign, it finds no difficulty in coping with the pleasing rusticities of Greystone and the yacht *Viking*. From the towers of his noble mansion on the Hudson the ex-Governor looks upon the roofs of West Point to the north, the green heights of Staten Island to the south, the sail-flecked stretch of Long Island Sound to the east, and the precipitous Palisades to the west. His Kentucky horses, his blooded setters, his Jersey cattle, and his improved farm are the admiration of his neighbors. Next winter he expects to take a trip to Southern waters. He is a famous host, but just now the quiet of Greystone is deep enough to have suited a Germanicus. Mr. Andrew H. Green, ex-Comptroller of New York city, and manager of the William B. Ogden estate, is Mr. Tilden's most intimate friend, most frequent guest, and most trusted adviser. During the last twelve months Mr. Green has spent most of his nights under the ex-Governor's roof.

—One recognition of Lieutenant Greely's bravery and skill will be an appointment to a colonelcy in the Signal Service. The Mayor of New York has expressed a desire to heap civic honors upon him, and the American Yacht Club, of which the explorer is a member, will give him a magnificent banquet. The gallant lieutenant has fairly earned all the honors that a republic is likely to bestow. In France he would have received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and in England would have been knighted at the feet of the Queen.

—The death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's second son, Edward J. Holmes, is a severe blow to the distinguished scientist, novelist, and poet. The young man was a graduate of Harvard College, and at one time the private secretary of Dr. Holmes's intimate friend the late Senator Sumner. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jun., another son, is a lawyer, and a writer of books on the law.

—A book not worth the reading, and in all respects not worth the writing, is Zola's *Nana*, which the Austrian government has forbidden the sale of, on account of a conviction that it is an outrage upon morality. It will be remembered that soon after *Nana* was republished in this city its sale was interdicted at the railway stations. Daudet's last novel, *Sapho*, has also met with much discomfiture.

—The annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Belfast will be attended this year by two distinguished New York doctors, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, the surgeon, whose specialty is chiropody, and Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who is an authority in diseases of children. These gentlemen can give points in their own lines to the most distinguished foreigners of that confraternity.

—The small surviving group of sportsmen of the past generation has been lessened by one in the death of Mr. Frank H. Palmer. Mr. Palmer was a notable follower of the craft. Technically accomplished, enthusiastic in the pursuit, a remarkable shot, of striking individuality, genial and gracious of manner, his sudden and unexpected decease will be sincerely deplored by a wide circle of acquaintances.

—The weightiest compliment yet paid to that charming actress Miss Ellen Terry is the fact that Mr. Henry Irving was compelled to close his Lyceum Theatre because of her illness. She had been playing Viola in *Twelfth Night*, but, owing to the consequences of a vaccination, was unable to continue her appearance. She would have been as much missed as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and it was Mr. Irving's great good fortune, while in America, that his performances were not subjected to so severe a test. No biographer or critic of the celebrated English actor has yet made adequate recognition of his indebtedness to the woman whom he is fond of calling his "sister-artist."

—M. Renan, now head of the College of France, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. His friends say that he cares little for the rank, being an aristocrat at heart, and a mourner for the demolished Bastile.

—Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jun., of Boston, will contribute a piece of her "needle painting" to the Cincinnati exposition. It will be a panel representing a sunset which she sketched from her window, and it will be the first piece of her work ever exhibited in public.

—Monsignor Capel proposes to add himself to the select number of distinguished visitors to this country who have determined not to write a book pell-mell on the United States. He insinuates that the example of certain actors in this respect does not allure him. He wants to learn more about us, and until he has done so will not rush into print with mere excogitations.

—Florence Nightingale, whose name for almost a generation has been a household word throughout the civilized world because of her self-sacrificing service among the sick and wounded soldiers of the British army in the Crimea, has turned to account her practical knowledge of contagious diseases by sending from Paris to this country some sound sense about the cholera. She understands that dreaded visitor, having sat up with him many a night, and she has a profound and rational faith in the power of sanitary science to keep him at a distance. The observations of Mr. Harold Frederic, recently editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, in the slums of Marseilles and Toulon, tally well with those of Miss Nightingale. Mr. Frederic has honorably distinguished himself by his valuable investigations in those ill-fated districts.

—Mr. Henry Villard is visiting his old home at Speyer, in Rhenish Bavaria, and the citizens have been treating him to a public banquet and other honors. In the days of his prosperity the ex-railroad king made magnificent gifts to his native city, which the recipients have not forgotten. They decked their streets with flags, gladdened them with loud huzzas, presented addresses of welcome, and set off fire-works and bands of music. Mr. Villard is preparing to make an extended stay in Germany, and will soon be joined by his family, who are now at Mrs. Villard's place in Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. As her estate was settled upon her before the wreck, it remains in the family. It is valued at $250,000. Mr. Villard's friends expect that he will be a power in Wall Street again one of these days. They say that all he needs now is rest, and that he can best obtain it in his old home.

—The character of the late Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice is depicted in a recently published letter, in which he wrote that his mother once said to him: "If you only act on your conviction that Christ is in every one, what a much higher life you might live, and how much better work you might do!" "There was in that sentence," he said, "the clearest divination of what I felt and knew to be God's purposes in all His teachings and discipline which I have received, and of my failures. I was sent into the world that I might persuade men to recognize Christ as the centre of their fellowship with each other, that so they might be united in their families, their countries, and as men, not in schools and factions; and through forgetfulness of this truth myself, I have been continually separating myself from relations, letting go friendships, and sinking into an unprofitable solitude."

—The King of the Maoris, with his chiefs, dined recently in London, and impressed one of the guests with "the gentle, almost pathetic, look of his benevolent face. He was suffering cruelly from toothache all the time, but his face had in it more than merely the patience with physical pain; there was a look of disappointed hopes at the bitter fate that has pursued him and his at the hands of England. One of his chiefs, his brother-in-law, had a countenance full of intelligence, whose keen black eyes were constantly roaming about. He is very fond of music, and every now and then turned to watch the musicians. He is more tattooed than the others, with the exception of the king, whose face is very highly ornamented. This is effected by means of a sharp little bone instrument that is used to punch tiny holes in the skin, into which is afterward rubbed the sap of a certain tree. The operation is very painful, and it takes several months to decorate a whole face; but the greater and more elaborate the tattooing, the greater the warrior."

—The Prince and Princess of Wales's party on the 14th of July, in honor of the birthday of one of their daughters, was the first entertainment of the kind since the court went into mourning for the death of Prince Leopold. His sister, the Princess Beatrice, recently visited Chichester, and the bells of its cathedral were rung in honor of her arrival.

—Dr. Koch, the German scientist, now the leading authority on the cholera, has returned to Berlin after his visit to Lyons and other plague-stricken districts of France. At Geneva, on his way home, he was forced to submit to the process of fumigation, although he believes it to be useless, and so told the authorities. "Useless or not useless," said one of them, "you must be smoked like other travellers."

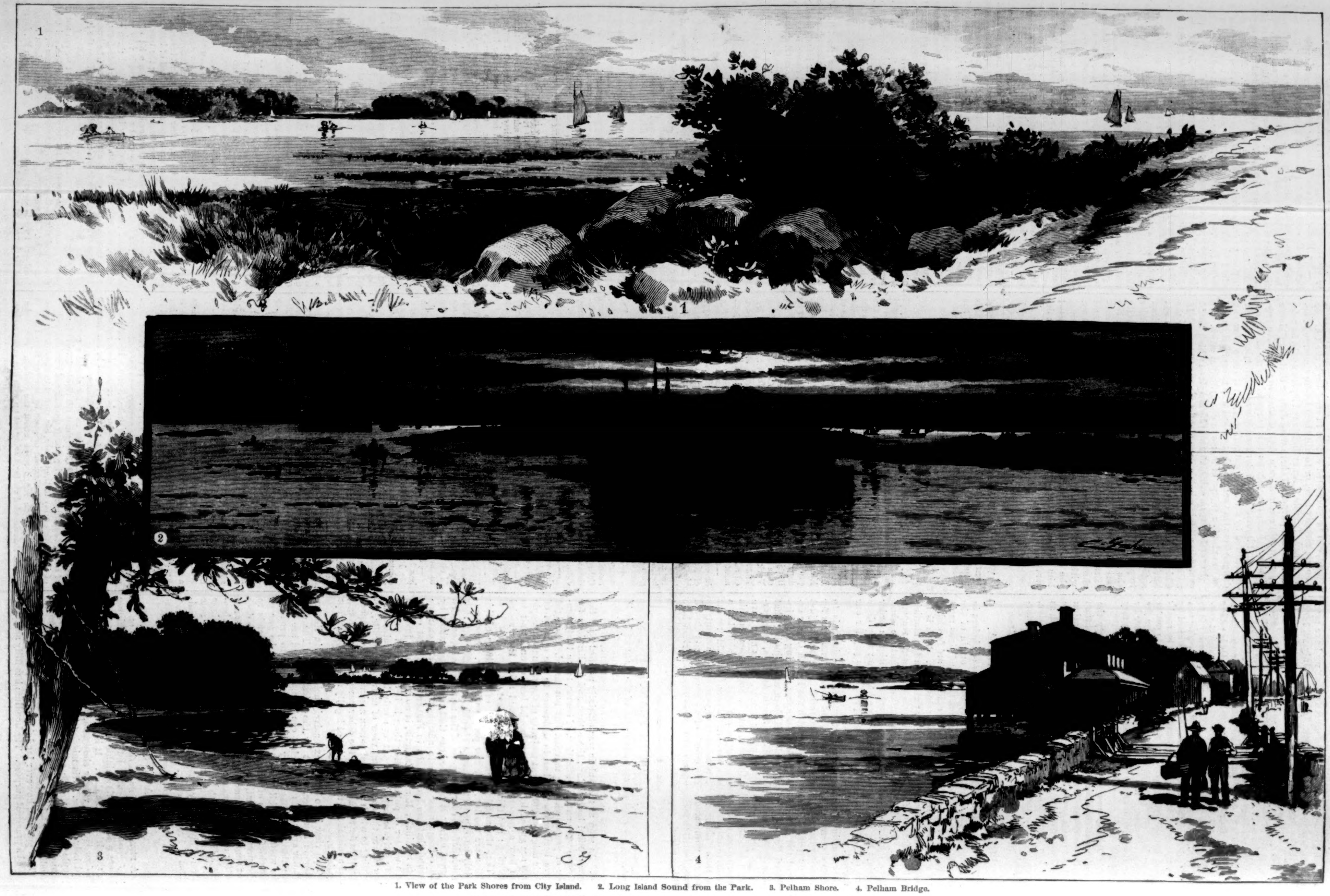
—The late Thomas Dickson, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, was a business man whose successful career never received a check. He passed untouched through the various panics, and died a millionaire with unlimited credit. A score of prosperous enterprises received the benefit of his counsel, and returned the compliment of dividends; his chief concern, the Delaware and Hudson, produces about five million tons of coal a year, and owns or leases more than seven hundred miles of railroad in addition to its canal. He had more influence over the miners of Pennsylvania than any living man, partly because in 1877 he publicly proclaimed his disapproval of shooting them during a labor strike. He lived without display at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and owned a summer place at Morristown, New Jersey. In boyhood he was a driver of mules in the mines. His age was sixty-two.

—The wife of Lieutenant Greely is described as follows: She possesses a face and figure of such remarkable beauty that they attract the attention and arouse the admiration of the most unconcerned. She is apparently about thirty years of age, tall and slender. Her complexion is dark, and her hair and large luminous eyes are as black as a raven's wing. On her regular and well-cut features are traces of care and sadness, caused by three years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. "My family," she said to a reporter, "gave up my husband as lost a long time ago, and tried to convince me that further hope was useless; but though I have worn mourning for several months past, I could never convince myself that I was in reality a widow. You see, my wifely instinct was correct, for my husband is returned to me safe and sound, and I hope never to leave his side again."

—Professor Max Müller on the late Professor Dorner, of Berlin, who not long ago attended a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city: "Professor Dorner was one of the most learned and influential theologians in Germany. His name is known to all serious students of theology in England, but as his well-balanced judgment and his historical studies kept him from becoming a mere partisan, he has never acquired a wide popularity. The historical spirit among the rising generation of German clergymen is chiefly due to his fostering care. Nor was his interest confined to the historical growth of Christian theology only. He knew that Christianity, in order to be truly understood, must be studied in comparison with other religions. A comparative study of religion, or a science of religion, had no terrors for him."

—George Augustus Sala has gone into print with a puff for a certain English brand of smoking tobacco, which he accompanies with this piece of advice: "Smoke plenty of tobacco (in the great scare of 1832 not one tobacconist died of the cholera), in order to combine enjoyment with health."

—Referring to the occasion when Mr. Henry Irving was hissed at his own theatre after playing in *Twelfth Night*, an iconoclastic spectator says: "A small minority of the audience insisted on expressing a dissatisfaction which, either just or unjust in itself, was clearly directed against the wrong person. Instead of hooting at Henry Irving, they should have insisted on seeing the true delinquent, one William Shakespeare, and giving him a bit of their mind. Not that his offense is great enough to merit very severe reprobation. It consists principally in having lived three centuries ago, and written to please our great-great-grandfathers, with small thought of their great-great-grandchildren. The humor of 1601 was different, both in dialect and in matter, from the humor of 1884. Some of us, by the aid of glosses and glossaries, succeed in finding it richer and racier for the keeping, but we can not expect a whole audience thus to place themselves in dead men's shoes, and attune their risible muscles to the wheezes of by-gone generations. If we insist on having these masterpieces resuscitated—and we do insist; it is we who force them upon Mr. Irving, not Mr. Irving who forces them upon us—we must make up our minds to grin at and bear such portions of them as have become obsolete or unsympathetic."



1. View of the Park Shores from City Island. 2. Long Island Sound from the Park. 3. Pelham Shore. 4. Pelham Bridge.

PELHAM PARK, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 521.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

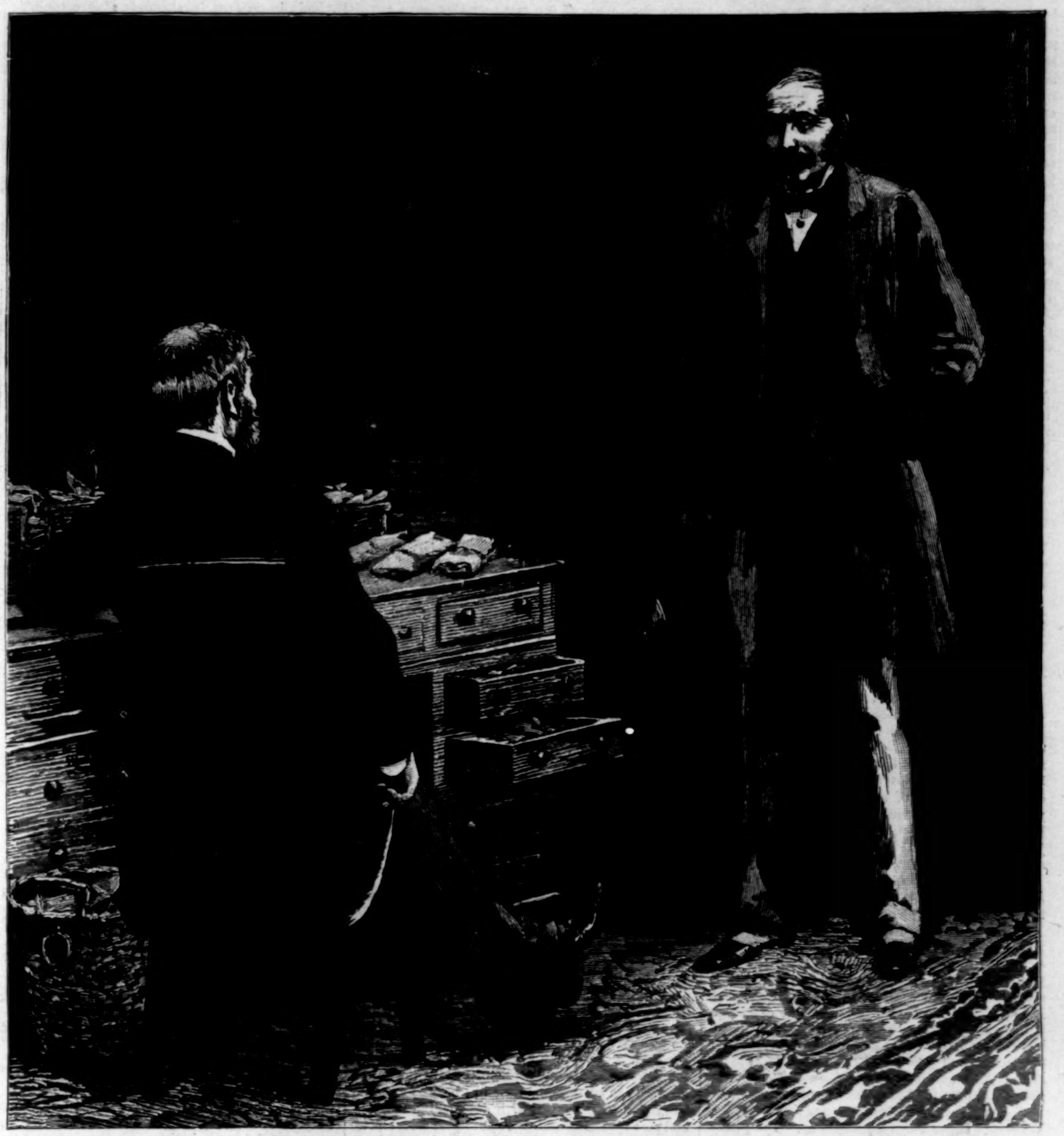
SAM PEARSON, SOLICITOR.

MR. SAM PEARSON resided in a very pleasant house, standing in prettily laid out grounds some little distance outside Micklegate Bar, in short, just before you came to "The Mount." Very handy, indeed, this to the Knavesmire, and Mr. Pearson always kept open house during York races. The big county is notorious for its astuteness in the matter of horseflesh, but the solicitor enjoyed the reputation of being more than a match for any horse-dealer within miles of the North Country capital, and was as shrewd a judge of both men and racing as any one in those parts. It was considered half the battle in a horse case to have Sam Pearson on your side. His practice was peculiar though extensive, consisting in a great measure of these last-named causes, and also the extrication of gentlemen from pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Pearson was, in short, a racing solicitor—a man who, had you security, would find you the money to pay for a high-priced yearling, or to settle at Tattersall's. People who find money after this fashion don't do it for nothing, and that Mr. Pearson should pluck a good many quilled feathers from his client for his own benefit was only in accordance with the regular order of things. Keen and sharp as he was in practice, the solicitor was, perhaps, all the more dangerous for a genial *bonhomie* that was apt to make his customers overlook the price they were paying for accommodation. His easy, sanguine manner communicated itself to them, and people who came reluctantly, but still with the grim knowledge that a certain sum must be raised at whatever sacrifice, were wont to walk out of his office impressed with the idea that borrowing money at forty per cent., washed down by a glass of wonderful old brown sherry, was rather a rollicking piece of business than otherwise.

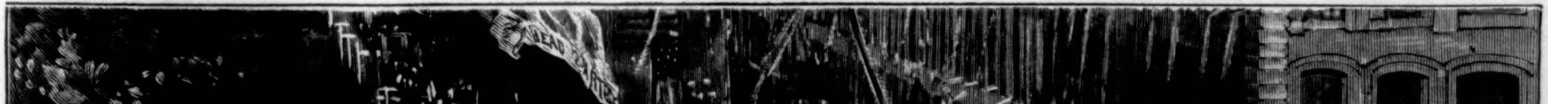
Mr. Writson said no more than the truth when he told Gerald that he fancied there would be little to be done with Sam Pearson. Mr. Writson was a steady old family solicitor, and though his *amour propre* forbade him to believe he was not a match for any man in his own profession, yet he had an uncomfortable consciousness that upon this occasion he was pitted against the sharpest practitioner in all the West Riding. As for York and the country-side generally, I think they would have exclaimed:

"What! old Writson against Sam Pearson? Why, it's a guinea to a gooseberry on Sam!"

Mr. Pearson had his offices in Lenhall Street; a handy situation, no distance from either the



"I HAVE CALLED TO REPRESENT MR. GERALD ROCKINGHAM."



THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT MINNEAPOLIS—ARCH AT SYNDICATE BLOCK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. A. TENNY.—[SEE PAGE 517.]

Market or Coney Street, both places to which clients of his were pretty well bound to resort, and two or three days after his interview with Gerald, Mr. Writson stepped into the outer office, and sent in his card by one of the clerks. That the two solicitors knew one another was a matter of course; they had met as antagonists before the magistrates, and also in the Assize Courts, many a time. That Mr. Writson should be received as soon as possible was a matter of professional etiquette, and he was speedily shown into Mr. Pearson's private sanctuary.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Writson. Almost unnecessary to ask after your health, for I never saw you looking better. Sharp weather, sir. Sharp as a solicitor in good practice—a little overdone, for the matter of that. Interferes terribly with the hunting. But what am I saying? As if that was a thing concerned you! Pray sit down, and let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

"Well, Mr. Pearson," said the elder attorney, whose formal and somewhat old-fashioned manner contrasted very much with the genial, off-hand carelessness of the other, "I have called to represent Mr. Gerald Rockingham, and look after his interests in the winding up of his father's affairs."

"A profitless occupation," laughed Pearson. "You'll find, I'm afraid, there is very little picking to be got off those bones."

"You don't seem to follow me quite," retorted Writson, a little sharply. "I'm here to ascertain what it is possible to save out of the wreck for the widow and children."

"Tut, man; don't be so touchy. Salvage has always been one of the privileges of our craft. It is rather rough on the boy, I admit, to suddenly discover that his father has sucked the orange, and that he has merely inherited the skin; but it is so. Alister Rockingham lived all his life as if his purse was bottomless; and, mind, was not the man to brook either interference or advice. My instructions were generally a brief intimation that I must find so much money at very short notice; no need to tell you that that meant bills bearing pretty stiff interest, and then, of course, came the old story of renewing; after which, as we all know, it is a mere question of time. Poor Rockingham was so far favored that his fortune just saw him out; had he lived, nothing could have saved Cranley Chase from the hammer this year."

"Surely," exclaimed Writson, "you might have expostulated with him upon his reckless career?"

"Of course I might," replied Pearson, cheerfully; "and enjoyed the gratification of seeing some other of my brethren undertake what my very high principles had rendered me squeamish about. I have a wife and family," continued Pearson, with mock solemnity. "The extensive borrowing of money throws very pretty pickings in the way of the legal gentleman who has the management of it; and in justice to my belongings it was not for me to let another pick up gold and silver for the pocketing of which I had been vouchsafed the first opportunity. No, no, Writson," added Pearson, laughing; "I'm pretty straight; but you can't expect me to take off my hat and say, 'After you, sir,' when it comes to who is to be first on Tom Tiddler's ground."

"Well," rejoined the elder solicitor, "I most assuredly haven't come to talk over either sentiment or morality, sorry though I may be to see a good old county name struck off the roll; but I presume I can see all the deeds, mortgages, and otherwise—in short, all the records of these money-borrowing transactions?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," replied the other. "Now, suppose you come and take a bit of dinner with me. I'll give you a rare good bottle of claret, or port if you prefer it, and then we could run through all these papers over a cigar afterward; what do you say?"

"I regret, Mr. Pearson, that I don't smoke; and that I've been brought up not to mix business matters with after-dinner enjoyments. If you will kindly let me know what day I can go over those papers with you here, I will call in again; and now I'll wish you good-morning."

Sam Pearson gave vent to a low whistle as the door closed on his visitor.

"Well, of all the old broomsticks," he muttered, "that ever I came across! He's as stiff, as wooden, and with about as much in him as is comprised within that very commonplace implement."

Another knock at the door cut short the lawyer's meditations, and he was informed by one of his clerks that Mr. Elliston wanted to see him.

"Show him in," replied Pearson; and as his visitor entered, he rose to shake hands with him.

"Sit down," he continued. "Is it racing or money-borrowing brings you here? The former, I hope; because there's a want of appreciation of your autograph that makes the latter occupation somewhat difficult."

"You needn't be afraid; I've not come to trouble you about anything of that sort. I only want to talk to you about the horses. We have got two good clinking four-year-olds in the stable in Caterham and Phaeton; and as the latter beat the Two Thousand winner in the Leger last September, both the handicappers and the public are bound to conclude Phaeton the better horse of the two. Now we know he is just as many pounds behind Caterham as they will think him in front. It strikes me that our game would be to run Phaeton out at Ascot, and keep Caterham for the autumn handicaps."

"Yes," said Pearson, musingly, "those appear to be sound tactics. Phaeton is quite safe to pick up a race or two at Ascot, which will, of course, impress that credulous community known as the British public more than ever with his superiority to Caterham. Yes, there seems a possibility of doing a smartish amount of business that way; but we're cruel unlucky with the young ones, none of the two-year-olds seem any good, nor the threes either, unless it's that iron-gray colt—"

"And he has the temper of Satan," interposed Elliston, quickly. "Lord Glasgow was right. When you are cursed with brutes of that description, the best thing is to shoot 'em right off."

"Yes," rejoined Pearson; "I don't suppose we shall do any good with him."

"Absurd to think otherwise. And now listen to what I've principally come to see you about. They have got a dark colt, called Pibroch, by the Piper, out of Maggie Lauder, down at Danebury, which I hear has done something very big. I know there's a big commission out to back it by the stable for the Two Thousand, and I think, old man, we had better swim in the same boat."

"All right. I suppose you can place implicit reliance on your information? They are laying a goodish price against that colt at present, and therefore you had better attend to it as soon as you get back to town, or wire if you're going to linger down here. Now I've a little bit of news for you. Gerald Rockingham is going to institute a rigorous inquiry into his late father's affairs."

"Well," replied Elliston, "I should think that that matters very little to you; it may be inconvenient to *me* if sundry unredeemed promissory notes should come to light. No need to tell you that I borrowed a good bit of money from Alister in days gone by."

"Yes," rejoined Pearson, with a tinge of contempt in his tones, "I can easily imagine that, and yet you would not let me give him a hint about Phaeton for the Leger. If these bills exist, they're not in my keeping, but will very likely be found amongst the late Squire's papers at the Chase."

"Well, if they come into the hands of that young cub, he can't make any use of them. I conclude they are all long overdue."

"No," rejoined Pearson, looking at his turf confederate through half-closed eyes, "I should think not; but if Gerald Rockingham chooses to publish the fact of their existence, and to hand them about, now that it is generally known that he has been left pretty well penniless, I think it would be unpleasant for you, in a social point of view."

Sam Pearson was pretty unscrupulous, and a very keen practitioner to boot, but even he stood aghast sometimes at the cynical, cold-blooded selfishness of Cuthbert Elliston. From his boyhood Elliston had never left a desire ungratified that could be obtained at the expense of his fellows. What it might cost them was a matter of little moment to him. Of good family, he still held a brave front before the world, though there were items in his record which, if brought to light, were even more than the easy-going society of our times could condone. Ruthless he had been from his youth to either man or woman, sacrificing them all in turn to the mere gratification of the moment; but he was a good-looking man even yet, with a plausible manner and soft caressing address, apt to prepossess people in his favor; in reality false, heartless, and relentless as a panther, and well-nigh as dangerous when brought to bay. Whatever his short-comings might be, there were three things which no one could accuse Cuthbert Elliston of lacking—nerve, determination, and bitterness of tongue; and yet no one who didn't know him would have guessed what savage sarcasm could fall from the lips of a man rather remarkable for his low trained tones.

"There's something in what you say, Pearson," he remarked, as he lit a cigarette, "but you don't quite understand the game, you see. You're a devilish clever solicitor, and there's no better judge of racing in England, but you know about as much of London society as you do of Central Africa. Used as you suggest by Alister Rockingham, known all through the London world, the story of these bills would have been, as you say, a very unpleasant fact to face; but in the hands of a boy like Gerald, known to nobody, the thing is very different. Bah! *that* for any harm he could do me!" and Cuthbert Elliston snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"You're quite right, Elliston," replied Pearson, good-humoredly; "I don't pretend to any knowledge of the London world. I heard from Greyson yesterday morning, and he says the horses are all doing well, and coming on nicely. It's no use our going over to Riddleton yet, but you must come down and put up with me a little later on, and we'll go over there and have a regular talk with Greyson about the forth-coming campaign. He will know still more about the nags then than he does now. I suppose you go back to town pretty soon?"

"Off by the afternoon train, and as I want to get something to eat before I start, I shall wish you good-by. Drop me a line when you want me. As you say, visiting a training ground at this time of year is d——d cold and unprofitable. Good-by," and so saying Mr. Elliston strolled leisurely out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REV. ROBERT THORNDYKE.

Two months have elapsed since Alister Rockingham's death, and his widow and daughter are established in a small house just outside the Minster Close. They have not as yet made any fresh acquaintances, but the Rockinghams of Cranley Chase are well known to all the principal Church dignitaries in York, and none of them had failed to leave cards on them. Alister Rockingham had been a very popular man—"a right good fellow—no one's enemy but his own," was the universal verdict—and sincere commiseration for Mrs. Rockingham and her children was the general feeling all through the city and the country-side. What had become of Gerald, no one exactly knew. He had disappeared immediately after establishing his mother and sister in their present modest abode, and all they knew about him was that he was in Cambridgeshire, where he said that he had got work to do which would enable him to get a living, though it was naturally quite unconnected with the University. Poor Mrs. Rockingham troubled herself very little about what this occupation might be. But with Ellen it was different, and she felt very inquisitive as to what it was her brother was doing; but his father's death had made a great difference in Gerald; he had passed from boyhood to manhood at one bound, and to all inquiries from his sister made short answer, adding that she might deem his present employment derogatory to a Rockingham, but that Rockinghams must live, and that he found it impossible to do so on the family dignity. Miss Rockingham was not a little astonished; she recognized quite as quickly as her mother did the change in Gerald's character. As his elder, she had been accustomed to patronize and sometimes snub him: she understood now that this phase of sisterly subjugation was passed. Our relatives are a little slow to do this, and are wont to overlook the fact that we are no longer children.

"It's a come-down, mother, after Cranley Chase; still, the little house is clean and comfortable, and I shouldn't so much mind if it wasn't for the terrible want of earnestness of purpose manifest amongst all these Cathedral dignitaries. They seem to think choral services and brilliant sermons are the limit of their calling. I miss my work at Cranley dreadfully; I feel myself so utterly useless here."

"I am sure you need not fret, dear Ellen, about that. There are plenty of parish priests in York who are quite outside the Minster circle; in a big city like this you may depend on it any of these will find you plenty of such employment as you wish for without difficulty."

"Yes; I heard yesterday that the Rector of St. Margaret's was a real hard-working parish priest. I think, mother, I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Surely there will be time enough, child, for that later on. We are still within the shadow of our great loss."

"True, dearest mother," cried the girl, rising, and caressing her as she spoke, "but grief becomes no easier to bear to people of my age and temperament by sitting still with our hands in our lap. I want *work*," continued Ellen, almost passionately—"something to take me out of myself. I have been accustomed to a good deal of it, you know, during the last two or three years, and this enforced idleness maddens me. Pray don't think that I have forgotten our trouble any more than yourself; but we do not all meet our sorrows in similar fashion."

Mrs. Rockingham stared at her daughter in no little astonishment. Ellen was a singularly undemonstrative young woman, sparing of her caresses, and reticent of any display of emotion; one of those self-contained natures that, when they are really moved, are wont to astonish those nearest and dearest to them. Whether in love, anger, or righteous indignation, the habitual restraints once broken down they rage like a tornado, and the intensity of their emotions, once exhausted, seems to collapse with a sob and a shiver, after the manner of such fierce and fitful storms. Ellen Rockingham had, so to speak, been for the last three years beating against the bars. A quick, clever, intellectual girl, the dull country society to which she had been condemned wearied her to death; for, since she had come out, the Squire's reduced means had not admitted of indulgence in a London season for his wife and daughter. A few weeks for himself, *en garçon*, about Epsom and Ascot times, had been all he could afford; while the ladies were left to vegetate in Cranley Chase. Now and again she met at some of the great houses in the neighborhood a few brilliant talkers from that great world which it seemed she was never destined to enter; and so at last, to relieve the intolerable dullness, Ellen Rockingham chose to consider herself endowed with a mission—namely, that of the regeneration of the rustic population of Cranley. Well, she took it out of herself a good deal in this way, and that, with the assistance of long solitary gallops on the back of her favorite mare, had constituted her life for the last two or three years. She got on badly with girls of her own age; questions of paramount importance in their minds had no interest for her. Dress! No one could ever say but what Miss Rockingham was well dressed; but still it was due to no exertion on her part. She had a good figure, a mother with exquisite taste, and a very clever maid. Under which circumstances a young lady may be faultless in costume without paying much attention to it herself. Indeed, I have heard it whispered more than once that there are great ladies whose appearance would be benefited considerably if they would only leave such matters to their maid and dressmaker.

To say that the choral service of the Minster was anything new to Miss Rockingham would, of course, be absurd; she had attended service there often, and had arrived at the conclusion about the clergy connected with the Cathedral upon no grounds whatever. They might be what she imagined them—drawing good salaries, addicted to good dinners, and thinking they were thoroughly discharging the duties of their station by seeing that the music part of the services was as good as possible; but Miss Rockingham was not in the least behind the scenes, and these men might possibly be quite as much given to "good works" as Miss Rockingham herself, and perhaps a little more judicious in the manner of them. Ellen had fallen unfortunately under the austere influence of the Low-Church Rector of Cranley, an excellent, well-meaning man in the pulpit, what Baxter describes as a "pious and painful preacher"; but a man who unfortunately deemed any show of geniality of disposition not in accordance with his profession. The Cranley people, I fancy, infinitely preferred his predecessor, who troubled himself more about the hounds and "Scott's Derby lot" than the schools; who didn't preach, but simply read two short, drowsy sermons on Sunday, yet was ever open-handed and sympathetic with his parishioners in their trouble.

Miss Rockingham, thrown by compulsion a good deal on her own thoughts, found herself perpetually musing over what this Rector of St. Margaret's might be like. He was a man much talked about in York just then. He had somewhat scandalized the dons of the Cathedral by what they were pleased to term his utter want of dignity and sense of his position. These rather High-Churchmen were a little aghast at his democratic tendencies. They talked patronizingly to the poorer members of their flocks: the Reverend Robert Thorndyke would shake hands with his shoemaker, and treat him perfectly as an equal. At the same time there could be no doubt that he was a most energetic, hard-working man in his parish; in fact, as far as Miss Rockingham could hear, he was perfectly irrepressible, always bubbling over with energy, and throwing himself into whatever he took up with a vehemence that usually swept all before it. There was a want of reverence, too, for the ecclesiastical authorities that some of the ladies of York especially shook their heads over. He had been known to contradict the Dean, and even to argue with the Archbishop. A desperate, contumacious man this, with a strong will and opinions of his own, and who, moreover, by no manner of means could be made to understand that it would be more proper to subdue these opinions in the presence of his superiors. There, again, was a case of the man's moral obliquity! He couldn't be made to understand that he *had* any superiors. The more Miss Rockingham heard of the Reverend Robert Thorndyke, the more curious she became to see him. She pictured him to herself as a somewhat ascetic, Low-Church, Puritanical clergyman, ablaze with all the fire and enthusiasm of a John Knox—one who railed at all High-Church doctrines, stern in his denunciation of anything which savored of Roman Catholicism as the great Scotch reformer. And one Sunday afternoon Miss Rockingham put on her bonnet, and informed her mother that she was about to attend service at St. Margaret's. She arrived there in good time, thereby obtaining a good seat almost facing the pulpit. A few minutes, and the Rector entered the reading-desk, and Miss Rockingham opened her eyes wide. No one could say that the Rev. Robert Thorndyke was in the least deficient in dignity in the pulpit, whatever he might be elsewhere. But then he was so utterly unlike what Miss Rockingham had imagined. Instead of the pale, ascetic divine she had pictured to herself, the clergyman who commenced to read the service was a man of about four or five and thirty years of age, standing at least six feet one in his boots, with crisp brown curly hair, bright blue eyes, which, though now composed, one could see at a glance had a laugh in them, and a somewhat florid complexion. Another moment, and his voice rang through the building, clear, sonorous, and musical, and when the prayers were over Miss Rockingham thought she had never heard them more impressively read; and then she composed herself for the five-and-forty minutes' serious discourse which she felt sure was to follow. But here Miss Rockingham was destined to be still further astonished. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Thorndyke had said his say, and had preached a sermon breathing hope and charity, which presented a rather startling contrast to that weary catalogue of pains and penalties to which she had been accustomed to listen in Cranley church. The sharp, nervous, incisive sentences made a great impression on Miss Rockingham. What this man had to say he had said in such a clear, distinct fashion that a child might almost have followed him, whereas the clergyman at whose feet she had till lately sat was wont to be not only involved and wandering in his discourse, but to dwell with unctuous emphasis on all the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

As Miss Rockingham walked home, I'm afraid she was thinking rather more of the preacher than of the service at which she had assisted. A clever girl herself, she recognized that short and apparently simple sermon as the work of a clever man, and came to the conclusion that for the future she would attend church at St. Margaret's. This was comforting to her, for to get their doctrine to their minds is sometimes a great tribulation to young ladies.

"Well, Ellen," said Mrs. Rockingham, as her daughter entered the drawing-room, "were you pleased with the service at St. Margaret's?"

"Very much, mother; but anything more unlike what I fancied him than the Reverend Robert Thorndyke is, it is impossible to conceive. He wears a mustache, and looks more like a dragoon than a clergyman, but he reads the service beautifully, and preached such a clever sermon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREELY'S FAR NORTH.

The full record of the scientific discoveries of the Greely party is not yet available for examination. If the press reports are corroborated, however, the present expedition must take first rank in arctic exploration. It has determined conclusively that man may live comfortably at a temperature of −59° Fahrenheit, and by artificial means conform himself to an inconceivable environment. During the long arctic night the explorers lived in a house within a house. They breakfasted at eight, lunched lightly at eleven A.M. and nine P.M., and dined at four. Observations were taken daily in meteorology, astronomy, magnetism, sea temperatures, ice thicknesses, tidal motion, and velocity of sound at different temperatures. Military discipline, one hour's exercise per day, and a weekly bath were required of all. The living apartments were kept clean. National holidays were observed with an extra dinner, and an interchange of presents on Christmas. Thus the dread disease of scurvy, which wore out two ships' crews for Nares, was prevented, and a fairly contented life enjoyed.

Arctic research has advanced about three hundred miles northward since Baffin immortalized himself in the year 1616. Since that time England's Union Jack has led the van in polar research until, on May 13, Lieutenant Lockwood planted the Stars and Stripes over four miles north and forty-two degrees east of the highest northern latitude known. Parry in 1827 reached latitude 79°; Kane, 80° 30′ in 1854; Hayes, 81° 30′ in 1861; Hall, 82° 16′ in 1871; and Nares, 83° 20′ in 1876. These latitudes are given approximately. Lieutenant Lockwood stopped at latitude 83° 24′, but saw and computed 83° 35′, which most northern land now known he called Cape Robert Lincoln. The journey to and from this point occupied fifty-nine days. It would seem from accounts of it that even at a temperature of minus sixty-one degrees hares, lemmings, ptarmigan, snow-birds, snowy owls, polar bears, musk-oxen, and even vegetation exist and thrive. Grinnell Land was quite thoroughly explored. Lake Hazen, of either 600 or 3700 square miles area (the dispatches are contradictory), was discovered therein. It would be interesting to know more of this fresh-water body and its inhabitants, if any. Nordenskjöld discovered that late in the summer, great rivers, formed of melted ice, with icy beds and banks, make travel in the north impossible without small boats. Lake Hazen is described as being fed by streams from the ice cap of northern Grinnell Land, and emptying into Weyprecht Fiord. It was discovered in April, when some open water was seen. Doubtless in August a much larger sized lake, fed by innumerable large and swift-flowing rivers, would have been found. This lake, named after General Hazen, is the most northern fresh-water body on the globe, one-fourth in size of Lake Erie. Lying contiguously to it, and parallel with the United States Mountains, were two ranges named after Senator Conger and the late President Garfield. The highest land in the latter range, and indeed of all the country north of Disco Bay, was named Arthur Peak. It is 5000 feet in height.

On the shores of Lake Hazen the remains of an Esquimaux village were found, apparently the most northern habitation attempted by the Esquimaux. Here were evidences of possession by this people of dogs, sledges, and iron. It would argue that at no distant period there was a beautiful valley about the lake, with an abundance of vegetation and game. That the rigors of the most northern climate are slowly advancing south is evident in the gradual retreat of the Esquimaux. From this high latitude they have been forced several degrees, and that for no lack of game. Add to this the migration of Icelanders to Manitoba, after becoming hereditarily inured to the climate through an ancestry dating back a thousand years. Of late the ice-flow south has been increasing, until this spring it exceeded the combined fields of any three years known. The bergs have augmented in size, and this year were described as of enormous size, mountain-like, with valleys, rivers, and bays. The summers are growing so cool in the United States that the great cities, instead of being depopulated during alleged warm weather, are crowded. No doubt Major Greely and his circumpolar contemporaries have data which will enlighten us on this subject. It is relevant to note that in 1824 Scandinavian seal-men found an open winter, the snow melting as it fell. Kane, in the winter of 1851, recorded an average temperature of about minus 5°. The *Polaris* expedition during the winter of 1872–3 experienced a temperature of minus 40°. Dr. Hall asserts that the mercury *froze*. Lieutenant Greely, ten years later, records a mean thermometer of minus 41°, with a maximum of minus 62½°—the lowest degree yet noted.

Among the many interesting discoveries of the party were some enormous glaciers. Many were found by Lieutenant Greely in the vicinity of Lake Hazen, the largest of which was named Henrietta Nesmith. This is the third prominent feature of the arctics named after women. The others are Lady Franklin Bay and Victoria and Albert Mountains. The largest glacier discovered, and perhaps in existence, was found beyond Lake Hazen, in Grinnell Land, toward the polar ocean, and was named after Agassiz. It resembled the great wall of China, and was at first so christened. It forms the southern ice cap of Grinnell Land, and is separated from the northern ice cap by sixty miles. Looking out on the polar sea, not far from this glacier, Lieutenant Lockwood saw the northern termination of Grinnell Land, which he named after Sergeant Brainerd, who followed him persistently and faithfully during the long arctic night. To the south the southern termination was seen, and called Cape Lockwood. Beyond was open water, and across that a new country, which was named after President Arthur. Grinnell Land, so thoroughly explored by the Greely party, may be called the land of glaciers. The Agassiz Glacier is now the most northern, and those of the Grand Tetons, in Wyoming, the most southern, known to North America. If these enormous ice mountains are increasing in size and number, it would not be too much to expect that the temperature of the entire continent is gradually lowering.

In the history of the world, no journey reads like that of the retreat of the Greely party from Fort Conger south. It is a tale of heroism unparalleled. The rescue by Brainerd, through a merciless storm, of three of his comrades frozen together in a bag; the poverty of living on shrimps and warm water soup seasoned by strips of seal-skin; the tale of the awful hardships during the last long arctic night, with a cache full of luxuries just across the open water on Littleton Island—must blazon the pages of scientific research while the world stands.

The unprecedented passage of Commander Schley's relief expedition has also its value to science. He forced his way through ice, often five feet in thickness, by the means of torpedoes and rams. At a future time, when some government resolves to appropriate several millions with which to complete arctic research, its expedition will be armed with powerful torpedoes, with which they may be able to open a broad highway from Cape Farewell to the pole. Had the millions which for three centuries have been scattered over a thin surface, to make so comparatively small progress in arctic exploration, been combined into one fund, there would be no polar mysteries to-day. Perhaps Schley's example may yet be followed by commerce, and a navy be located off Labrador to batter down the ice mountains, and prevent them from sweeping south and endangering the coast and shipping. By such means only can man aid the sun in arresting the future encroachments of the frigid zone.

CAMP CLAY.

The following account of the camp where Lieutenant Greely and his surviving companions were found is kindly furnished to Harper's Weekly by Ensign C. H. Harlow, of the *Thetis*, to whom we are also indebted for photographs of the hut, and other objects of interest.

Camp Clay, into which Lieutenant Greely and his entire party moved on November 1, 1883, was situated about five miles west of Cape Sabine, in a little cove, about the same distance from Cocked Hat Island. This site was selected because it was near the scattered provisions that they found there, and because there were plenty of small rocks near by with which to build the house, the party being too weak to transport them from any distance. There was also a small lake, which supplied them with water up to the middle of February.

In May the party moved into tent, at the place where they were found, on a slight elevation overlooking the former camp, and about two hundred and fifty yards to the eastward of it. This change was made owing to the summer thaw setting in and washing out their winter-quarters.

The scene about the entire camp was one of the most wretched imaginable. Quantities of débris, old clothes, cans, camp utensils—everything but fuel and food—covered the ground. Valuable chronometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments were strewn about, showing the disregard that the poor fellows had come to have at the last for anything but life. The tent was an army wall tent, nine feet by nine feet, and was pitched with its opening to the northeast. The part which is seen standing in the picture was the rear, which was cut as the first step in order to remove the sufferers within.

The first words that gave signs of life to the rescuing party were those of Greely, who said, in a feeble voice, "Cut the tent." The front and western sides had blown down, and the poles were lying across three of the party, who were stretched out in their sleeping-bags, entirely too weak to lift the burden off. They had been in this condition sixty-two hours. Forty-eight hours more was the most that any of the party thought that they could survive under the circumstances.

The winter house was twenty-five feet by seventeen feet, with walls of small rocks about six inches in thickness piled to a height of three feet. Over the centre was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, forming a ridge-pole, and canvas was stretched across this for a roof. Blocks of snow were banked on the outside to keep out the wind. The door was on the south side, and was about two and a half feet by three feet, with a covered tunnel of the same size running out about twenty-five feet. There were no windows, and their only source of light during the dark, dreary winter nights was an Esquimaux blubber lamp. At the best it was a wretched hovel.

The photographs of the tent and winter house were taken at 11 P.M., with the wind blowing a hurricane. Twice the camera blew over despite the spread of its legs, and the circumstances were such that only the importance of the scene warranted the photographer to snap the shutter and trust to the sensitiveness of his plate. It was with many misgivings that the development was made.

Our illustrations tell of the discovery at Cape Sabine, and present the scene which met the view of the rescuing party when they reached the tent. Greely, too weak to walk, was carried to the launch in a canvas stretcher, while the others were borne through the gale by the sailors. A view is also given of the Devil's Thumb, in Melville Bay, sketched by Lieutenant Chambers, the commander of the *Loch Garry*.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION.

The reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic at Minneapolis, of which we give an illustration on page 505, was one of the best ever held by the veterans of the war. The crowd of visitors was immense. All the hotels were filled, and private residences in St. Paul and Minneapolis were thrown open to accommodate the guests.

A formal reception was held at Camp Beath, July 22, on which occasion speeches were made by Mayor Pillsbury, Governor Hubbard, and Commander Beath. The next day the grand parade took place. It was a great success in every respect. The whole Army was in line, making the largest demonstration since the war. The weather was fair, and the streets along the line of march were thronged with people, who loudly cheered the boys in blue. At noon the procession passed the City Hall, where children on canopied platforms waved banners and sang an old war song, which the veterans took up as they passed on with uncovered heads. The tattered battle-flags were recognized by the veterans with shouts. The enthusiasm was unbounded.

On the 24th a reception was given to General Logan at the Illinois head-quarters, and in the evening to all the visiting generals at General Washburne's residence. There were sports of a miscellaneous character at the encampment all day. A reunion of ex-prisoners of war was held, at which about one hundred gathered.

The newly elected officers of the Grand Army are as follows: Commander-in-Chief, General John Kountz, of Ohio; Judge J. R. Rease, of Minneapolis, Senior Vice-Commander; Ira E. Hicks, of Dakota, Junior Vice-Commander; T. M. Shanafelt, of Michigan, Chaplain; and W. B. Hall, of Pennsylvania, Surgeon. Resolutions were passed that no picnics be held on memorial days or Sundays by Grand Army Posts.

The Relief Corps also elected officers, as follows: President, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, of Toledo; Senior Vice-President, Mrs. Sarah Fuller, of Boston; Junior Vice-President, Mrs. A. J. Anderson, of Topeka; Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Turner, of Boston; Chaplain, Mrs. Annie Whittenmyer, of Philadelphia; Inspector, Mrs. Sarah S. C. Nichols, of Auburn, North Carolina; Committee on Resolutions, Mrs. Brown, of Kansas, Mrs. Lottie Meyers, of Ohio, and Mrs. Elliot, of Massachusetts.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

On page 522 we give a drawing of the famous statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," sketched by our special artist while preparations were making for its removal. On this side we are getting ready for the reception of the statue. The corner-stone for the pedestal was laid this week, with appropriate ceremonies, and there is every reason to hope that it will be in readiness when the statue shall arrive in this country.

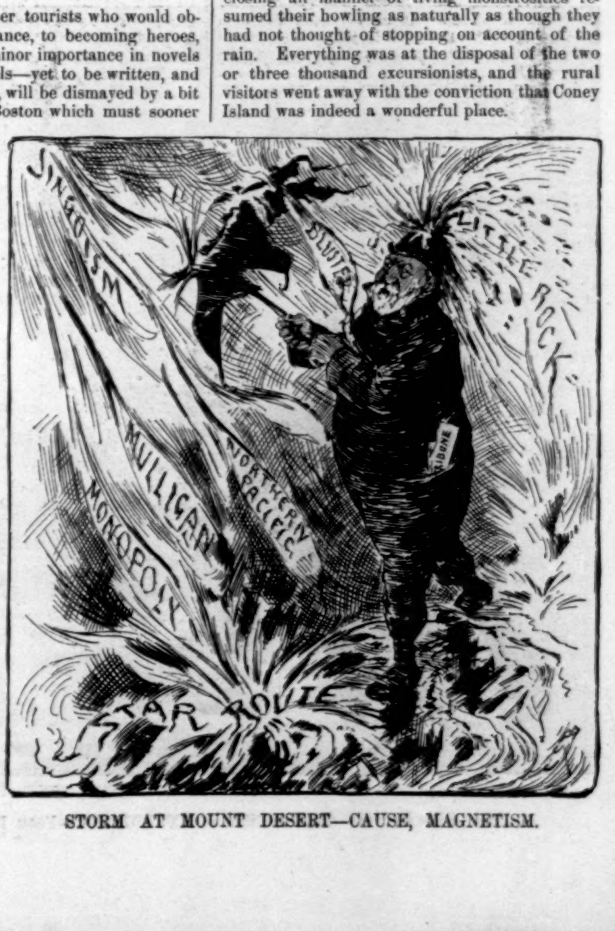
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Under a recent decision in the Post-office Department, paper indented with words to be read by the blind is to be classed as printed matter, and may be sent through the mails at the same rate of postage as that paid on matter of the third class. The information at hand does not say whether this classification covers only such matter as is produced by the indenting machines for making raised letters, or includes messages that may be pricked by the blind for the reading of the blind in sheets of letter-paper. If the latter are included, the sightless possess a slight advantage over the seeing, which no one will begrudge them.

Occasional waves like tides in the Great Lakes have puzzled those who have attempted to explain them. There has been a sort of expectation among old observers that these waves would come once in seven years, and that has been the interval between the disturbances on several occasions. According to this expectation there should be a tidal wave in about two years, but there has just been a marked flow and ebb of the waters of Lake Michigan at Milwaukee. The ebb and flow occupies only about fifteen minutes. Persons bathing in the Milwaukee River, near its mouth, found themselves suddenly unable to touch bottom where they had been standing. At a place called the Straight Cut the water receded three feet, but soon returned. It is believed that storms are the cause of these so-called tidal waves.

Othello, played by a company of colored amateur players, is one of the midsummer diversions of the metropolis.

Unsuspecting summer tourists who would object, if they had a chance, to becoming heroes, heroines, or types of minor importance in novels—especially poor novels—yet to be written, and maybe to be published, will be dismayed by a bit of intelligence from Boston which must sooner or later reach them. It seems that there are "material hunters" wandering up and down the shores and the mountains looking for persons in the flesh whom they may reproduce on paper. In order that the forthcoming fiction may abound in characters of clearly defined individuality, it is necessary that the material hunter shall study the person intimately, and find out his or her innermost thoughts; and to that end, the Boston authority avers, the unsuspecting subjects are inveigled into crabbing parties, and in many other ways separated for a more minute inspection. When a man thinks he is entertaining with observations on the events of the time, his listener may be studying him up for reproduction as the oily villain in her realistic novel. The young woman who takes compassion on the studious and melancholy-looking visitor and endeavors to cheer him up may be submitted subsequently in manuscript form to half the publishers in the land as a type of the heartless beauty. There is consolation in the thought that several lawsuits and verdicts awarding damages have resulted already from this larceny of a person's identity.



STORM AT MOUNT DESERT—CAUSE, MAGNETISM.

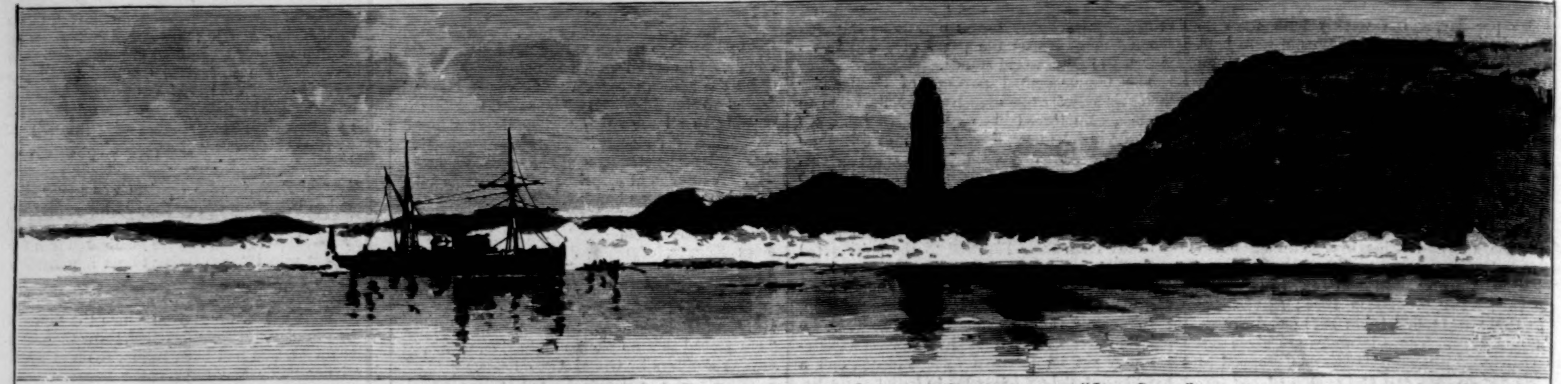
General Butler's rare egotism was never displayed to better advantage than in his expressed wish that one of the many spokesmen in one of the several parties which have nominated him for President would "stop trying to get immortality by writing about me."

At the close of the day on which the new divorce law of France was gazetted, three thousand suits for divorce had been begun, some of them involving noble and conspicuous families. At that rate, France will become the Cape Cod of the Old World.

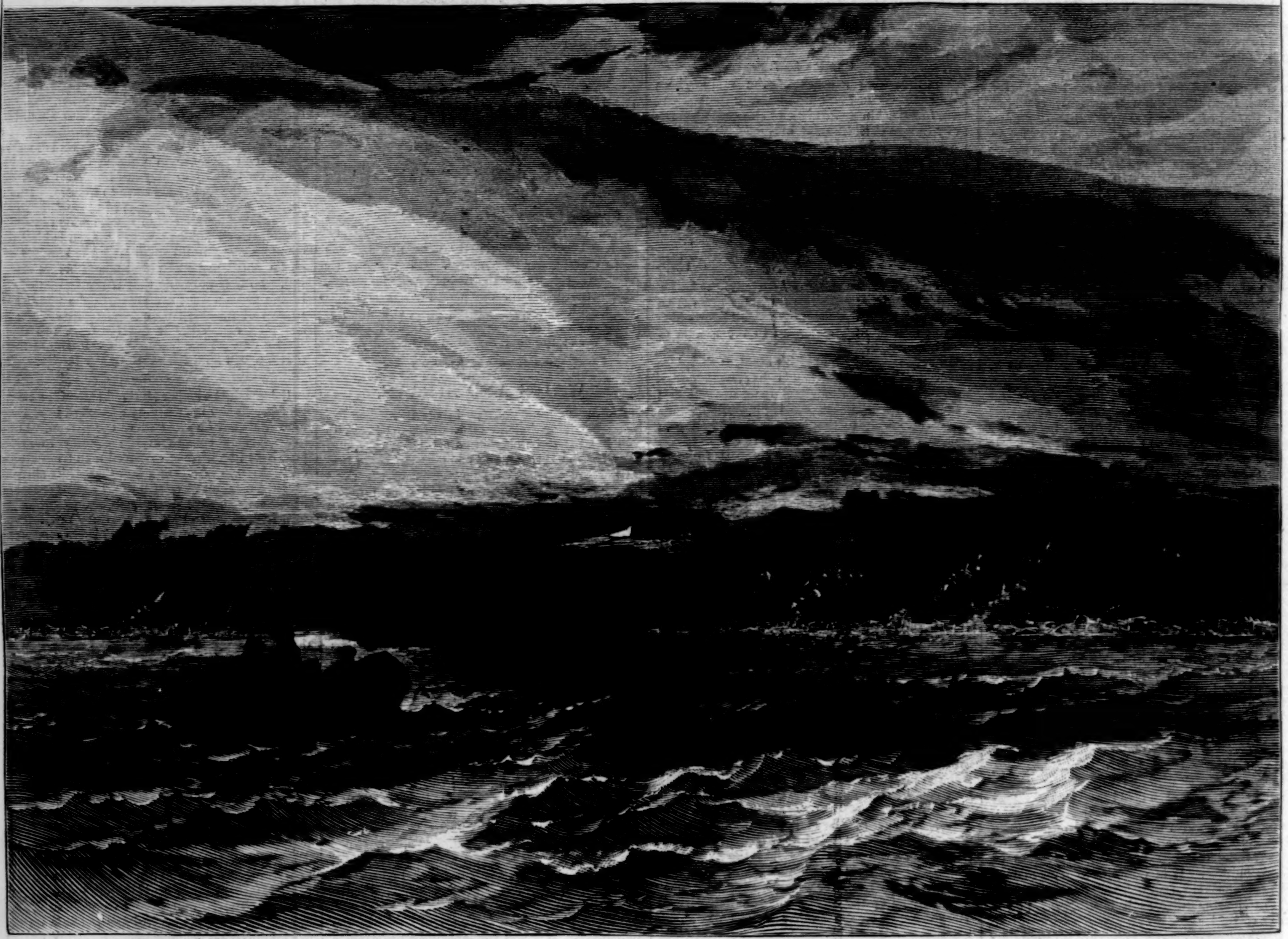
Brooklyn ladies who come to New York on shopping expeditions are expected to contribute about two hundred dollars a day to the revenue derived from the big bridge. Allowing that none of them would think of walking either way, this would require that four thousand fares should be paid, or that two thousand ladies should visit New York on each week-day. On a fairly cool day they would find pleasure in walking across to New York, on which trip they are burdened with nothing but the money they are to expend. But if they were to walk, they would not be able to do much shopping, under the system which employs impudent and indolent young women behind the counters, and loitering cash girls and bundle boys on the floors, and reach their homes before nightfall. So it is probable that if the figures of the bridge management are accurate, the number of women of Brooklyn who come to New York on shopping excursions is not far from two thousand a day. Time becomes so valuable to them that few can afford to cross by the ferries.

Being asked whether she could identify a negro prisoner as the man who had insulted her, a woman said that he looked like the person, "but I am not long enough in the country to swear positively in telling one colored man from another." It is an interesting fact that while there is perhaps as great physiognomical diversity among negroes as among white men, nearly all negro men look alike to persons who are not used to seeing them. The same is true also in respect to Chinese. It is a less interesting fact that all babies look alike to bachelors.

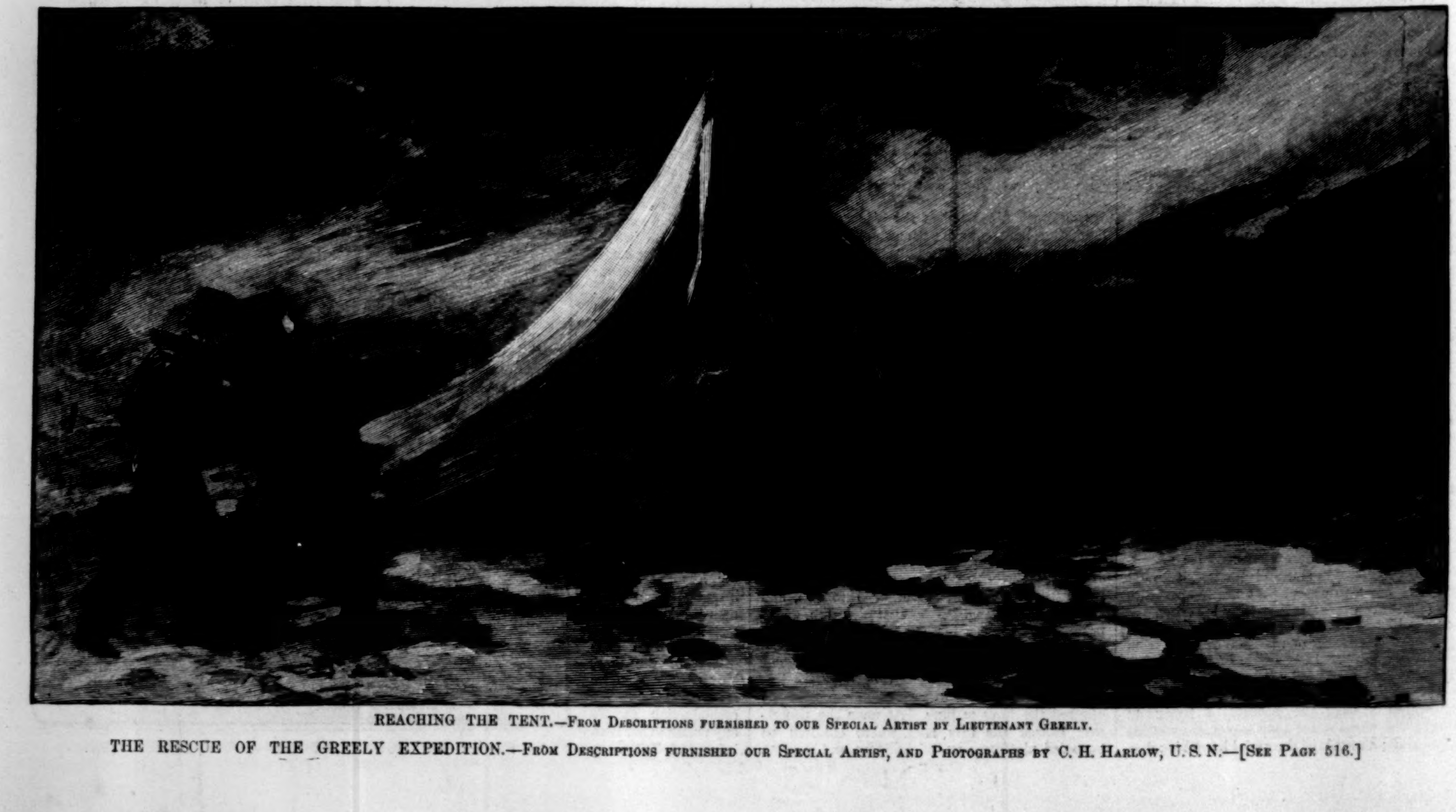
Ever since the pioneer three-card monte man at Coney Island scanned through green goggles the white expanse of sand in search of some one to entertain, the island has had the reputation of treating visitors from rural places with special consideration. It is impossible to picture the excess of exhilaration which the original monte man and his partners would have displayed if in their time they could have seen the throng of rural visitors that swarmed out of one of the railway stations on a recent Sunday. A drenching rain had begun early in the day, and all hands—including the "crooks," "fakes," and other reprehensible characters—had decided that there was nothing to do but make the best of the dreary situation. They were not aware that an enterprising man, two or three hundred miles up country, had started an excursion toward the island, and that no natural causes which were likely to come into operation could stop the eager excursionists. The visitors arrived unannounced, and the island, betraying as little as possible its almost stupefying astonishment, suddenly awoke to activity. The criers in front of the tents inclosing all manner of living monstrosities resumed their howling as naturally as though they had not thought of stopping on account of the rain. Everything was at the disposal of the two or three thousand excursionists, and the rural visitors went away with the conviction that Coney Island was indeed a wonderful place.



THE DEVIL'S THUMB, MELVILLE BAY.—From a Sketch by Lieutenant Chambers, of the "Loch Garry."

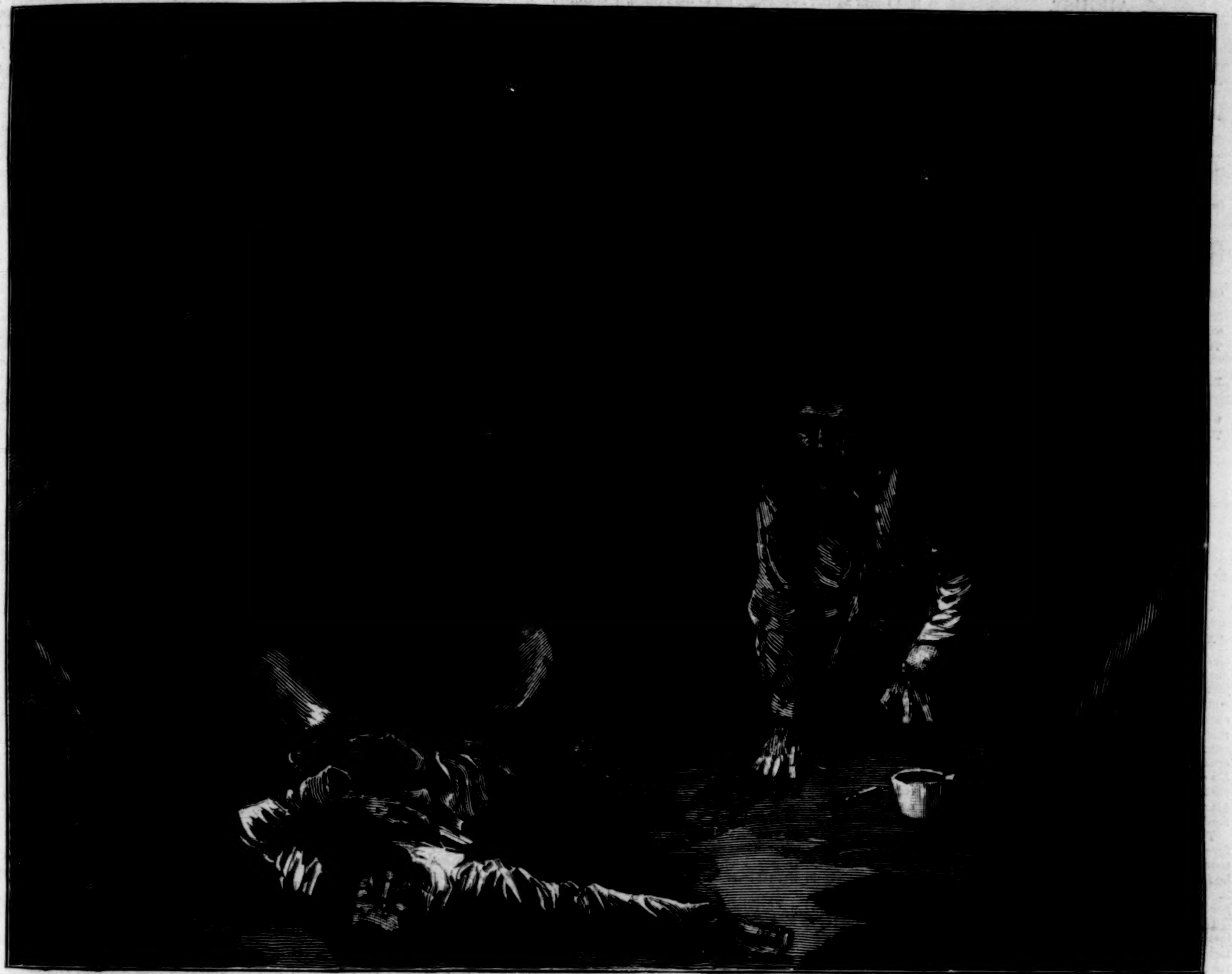


"FOUND!"—THE WELCOME SIGNAL FROM CAPE SABINE.—From Descriptions and Sketches furnished to our Special Artist by the Officers of the "Thetis."

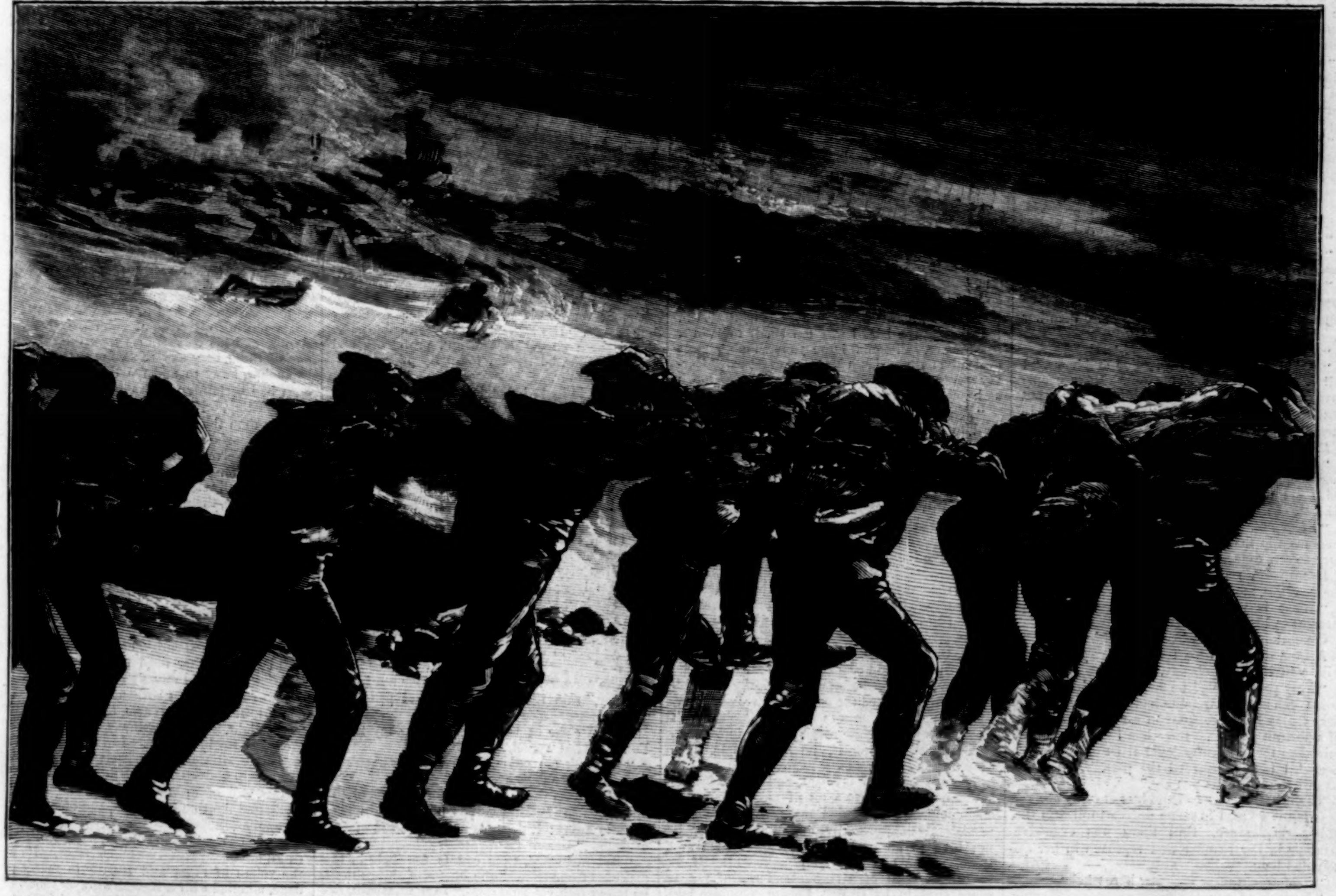


REACHING THE TENT.—From Descriptions furnished to our Special Artist by Lieutenant Greely.

THE RESCUE OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—From Descriptions furnished our Special Artist, and Photographs by C. H. Harlow, U. S. N.—[See Page 516.]



WHAT MET THEIR GAZE.



TAKING SURVIVORS FROM THE TENT TO THE LAUNCH.

THE RESCUE OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION—SCENES AT CAMP CLAY.—From Drawings by our Special Artist, J. W. Hayward, from Photographs, and from Descriptions by Lieutenant Greely.—[See Page 516.]

AUGUST.

Red summer burns to its last ember:
    Wake, Love, and sing to me;
    Wake, Love, and bring to me
The rose's sweet late ruin; let me hold
Great handfuls of the fervent marigold
    And splendid peony.

And when young birds pipe at the early dawning,
    Come, Love, and stay with me;
    Come, Love, and stray with me
By languid pools where the dusk lily flower
Fades with the summer slowly, hour by hour,
    In sleepy ecstasy.

Or in some sweet old-fashioned garden,
    Come, Love, and walk with me,
    Come, Love, and talk with me;
For peaches brown and gold and rosy red,
Upon celestial dews and sunshine fed,
    Wait now for thee and me.

Or 'mid the orchard's blowing grasses,
    Oh, Love, come muse with me,
    Oh, Love, come lose with me
The long green afternoons. There, warm and sweet,
The breath of flowers and smell of ripe fruits meet
    In rarest mystery.

Red summer burns to its last ember:
    Come, Love, with many a sigh,
    We'll see fair summer die,
While August lilies in rich perfume drown
The royal head that wore the red-rose crown
    Through June and hot July.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHARGE.

The pose was settled and the task fairly entered upon, when a strange sensation came over Arthur, for a moment hindering the facile pencil just before used with so much aplomb. Again and again he looked at his beautiful sitter, and each glance but heightened the sudden conviction that had flashed across his mind. He must have seen this unforgetable face before. Those clear eyes, so lovely and so pathetic, did not now meet his own for the first time. Yes, the matter was past doubt. At some period or other, and in a place indistinct enough, but certainly not dreamland, they had met before.

The revelation embarrassed him not a little, for any former acquaintance, however slight, must sooner or later force him to drop the mask, and he felt now some compunction at having assumed it. Yet, if he should succeed, his triumph would need no palinode.

Up to this time the sitter had only opened her lips to assent to his choice of position and other technical arrangements. When he paused she rose and inspected the sketch.

"You have certainly caught the likeness," she said, speaking in the same indifferent tone, as if her beauty were no more a thing to glory in than the black dress she wore. "And that is what these two miss," she added, glancing at the rejected canvases.

"The simpler a portrait is, the better, to my thinking," Arthur replied. "What we want is, not a picture, but a personality, unmistakable, stamped with character and originality as the living face itself."

"The life should be there," answered the lady. Then, changing the subject abruptly, she said, with affected carelessness, as if wishing to conceal her motive: "You come from England. Tell me one thing. Can a woman earn her bread there without difficulty?"

"Under certain circumstances, yes."

"What circumstances?" the question was put eagerly.

"A livelihood there depends, as I presume it does all over the world, on aptitude. A clever woman, I suppose, can earn much more than her bread anywhere."

"What do you call cleverness?"

"Well," Arthur said, with some diffidence, "I call it the faculty of giving out. Many people have a respectable amount of knowledge, but general dullness of parts makes it useless to them."

His interlocutor seemed to reflect.

"I am thinking," she said, pensively, "of common people and common cases. Are there more children than teachers in your country, more sick than there are nurses to look after them?"

"I fear not. But there is room for a few paragons even in that line. Can I help you with regard to any especial protégée?" he asked.

Instead of an answer came a question put in the simplest, most natural way in the world.

"What is your name?" she asked, looking straight at him.

Concealment was no longer possible.

Arthur started to his feet, positively blushing with contrition and dismay.

"Pray pardon me," he began, regaining self-possession as quickly as he had lost it. "I came here to-day in the capacity of a mere tourist, not of a portrait painter. But when I saw that I was mistaken for the professional artist evidently expected, I rashly hazarded the part. And I can handle the brush, as you see."

The ingenuous speech and honest smile accompanying it seemed in some degree to disarm the lady's displeasure. Still there was excessive hauteur in her manner and reproach in her astounded look.

"You are an utter stranger here?" she asked.

"Entirely so, a mere holiday excursionist, come to this island for a few weeks' pleasure. It is true I bear a letter introducing me to the Prince; but I had no intention of presenting it to-day. Allow me to see him, to explain—"

"The Prince is absent," she said, coldly. Then, after a pause, during which she seemed to ponder on what was best to be done, she looked at him as if to read him through and through, and made slow reply: "You are an Englishman, and they say an Englishman's word is worth something. Give me yours that not a syllable shall ever pass your lips concerning this interview."

"Certainly," Arthur said.

"They say that your countrymen are curt; but why may not one word suffice? I will trust you."

"I hope so," was the retort, again direct to bluntness. Then, with a sudden glow of eagerness, he asked, "Will you not permit me to finish the sketch?"

Once more the lady reflected. Yes and no were written by turns in that pale proud face; she seemed to wish for the picture, but was evidently anxious to be rid of his company. "I think it will be better to leave off now," she said at last, with some show of reluctance. "I will, however, keep the drawing, and you shall finish it at some future time if circumstances permit."

Arthur looked delighted, and at once proffered a visiting-card. It was, however, merely glanced at, and returned to him.

"English travellers are not so frequent here that there would be any difficulty in finding you," she said, smiling faintly. "But one word more before you go." She looked on the ground, paused irresolute, then, with strange hesitancy, got out the words: "This person—this protégée—of whom I spoke just now has no friends in England. Are the friendless flouted there as elsewhere?"

Arthur once more had recourse to his card-case. "Surely not; but pray let me leave my English address," he urged, feeling at that moment as if he could canvass every educational and philanthropic body in London on behalf of this adorable patroness. "On my return you can write to me; I shall be proud to serve your friend. But," he added, with sudden light breaking on him, "I have a letter introducing me to the Prince. We may meet here again."

A second time the lady became rigid as a statue. "The Prince is absent, and I am here for a few days only," she answered, with excessive hauteur.

Arthur, chilled into silence, began putting his brushes together without much alacrity, his incomparable sitter lingering as if to get out one unwilling word more. At last she said, when he stood on the threshold ready to go: "I thank you—and I rely upon you. Remember that."

The same woman-servant was there to conduct him down-stairs. He could only bow and hurry away, certainly in need of no more distraction yet awhile.

The lovely vision of Elizabeth was for the nonce effaced from his mind as completely as the most desperate lover could desire. Instead of a girlish figure in white, ineffably blue eyes speaking mystery, soft brown hair fringing a candid brow, and delicious glances of appeal, there floated before his inner vision an image lovely, passionless, pathetic, as the doomed heroine of old Greek tragedy. No life in those clear eyes but the life that was gone; no story written on that pale, beautiful face but of wrongs past telling and supreme endurance under misfortune. The more Arthur dwelt on this vision, the more it inthralled and perplexed him. Who might this rare lady be?

He had hardly quitted the precincts of the château when the clouds parted, the sun gleamed forth, and the rain, no longer a steady volume of water, became a mere sprinkling of crystal dew-drops on golden leaves. To his great astonishment he found that it was already three of the clock. Little time to spare if he would return from whence he had come that day. As he paused, irresolute whether to go or stay, no wonder a smile rose to his lips. Could he choose but laugh, half ironical, half self-deprecatory, at the predicament in which he now found himself? To go back, was to fly toward certain peril; to stay, was to run hazards perhaps more dangerous still. Fortunately the island was too small to hold a third snare, soliloquized the young man, almost cynically. He made up his mind to return. Harvey would expect him, and he had not so much as brought a pair of slippers.

"We may lose our hearts, but nobody can afford to lose his knapsack," again moralized Arthur, trying to make merry at his own expense. So he did not attempt to get an idea of the place, but hiring a carriage, or rather something that went by that name, drove straight back to the bower of roses above the bay. The country through which he passed was very uncommon, but Arthur willfully refused to see it. What could have induced him to come to this remote spot? he mused. Much better to eschew romance, do the regular Swiss round, flirt with half a dozen conventional beauties, as he had often done, returning to his London life not a whit the wiser or the worse. But these lovely confidential Elizabeths, these beautiful mysterious goddesses in black—what would come of it all? No good, he felt sure, as he somewhat prosaically and ill-temperedly reviewed the events of the lasty forty-eight hours, summing up with the thought that it was hardly worth while coming so far in order to make a fool of himself, the thing might have been done so much nearer home.

The sky was now brilliant, and the charming landscape glowed like a bit of mosaic. As the unshapely cariole crawled along, Arthur, though persistently unappreciative and ill-humored, could but take in an enchanting prospect here and there. "Am I in Italy?" he asked himself, as he caught sight of a tiny inland sea of purest azure shut in by richest foliage, sapphire and emerald dazzlingly bright, or wound in and out little creeks, crystal clear, in which alike cloudland and the bright world below were perfectly mirrored. Everywhere golden corn and wild flowers, scarlet and blue; everywhere silence and solitude save for companies of sea-ravens wheeling overhead.

The journey was made slowly, with many a halt by the way, and it was night-fall ere the traveller reached the top of the little rose-bordered street sloping toward the shore. The place, however, was all astir, and Arthur saw with astonishment gay Chinese lanterns hanging from every window, flags flying, bands of music on the march, and every soul on the alert.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPACT.

"You shall tell me what you have been doing with yourself afterward; let us go now and see the boats come in," cried Harvey, meeting him in the middle of the village. "You have lost the fishermen's regatta, but you will see the little procession on the water. And from *their* garden," he added, exuberantly.

He put his arm within the other's, and led the reluctant Arthur into the most romantic little garden in the world, in honor of the occasion also lighted up with globes of ruby red and deep orange. It was one of those hanging gardens by the sea of which there were many here, below it the lime-trees and rose beds, grassy banks running sheer into the water. A light palisade divided plot and steep bank, whilst on each side of the house were bowers for the use of the guests. This bit of poetry was translated into plain prose: a lodging-house kept by a fisherman and his wife of such good repute that they never had an empty chamber during July and August. These worthy folks and their children were now enjoying this animated scene with the rest of the company, four or five families in all, who slept indoors certainly, but made parlors of the little summer-houses allotted to them in the garden.

"I am delighted that you have come back in time," said Elizabeth, advancing toward Arthur with charming gayety. "Is it not a fairy sight?" she added, pointing to the little flotilla of illuminated boats on the water, "and will it not furnish a bright recollection of our island?"

It is wonderful how a sense of festivity exhilarates the mind as yet unsurfeited by handsomer shows. A few colored lights on the water, a band or two of rustic musicians, flags flying, and children dressed in white and crowned with garlands—how little was here, yet more than enough to put the company into a sportive mood. Elizabeth was no more radiant than the rest. One and all had entered heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion.

"We live here," Elizabeth went on, when Arthur had greeted acquaintances of yesterday's making on both sides, "and only go to the hotel to dine. But where have you been? What made you run away on this day of all others?"

"I am sure I can not tell. I went because I could not stay where I was, I suppose."

Elizabeth turned to him sharply. "And what makes you ever enigmatic?"

"May you not be my exemplar? You were riddling all yesterday."

She seemed ruffled. "We can not intrust the story of our lives to strangers," she said.

"And feelings must ever be more charily dealt with than facts," retorted Arthur.

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, looking honestly aggrieved now. "Nobody here could intentionally have hurt your feelings, I am sure."

"I am sure of it also. But it is useless to reason with a tired, hungry, and ill-tempered man."

"Will you be in a better temper to-morrow?" asked Elizabeth, much as if she were feelingly sympathetic about a toothache. His captious mood seemed to damp her high spirits, and make her a little mistrustful.

"What is to happen to-morrow?" he asked.

"We have all made up our minds to visit the light-house, provided the weather is fair. The excursion has to be made by sea."

"All? Why must it be all?" retorted Arthur, glancing round, not with disdain, but certainly impatience. His looks said that, estimable as he found these worthy pastors and professors and their families, he should infinitely prefer a fellowship of four.

"Why, indeed?" laughed Elizabeth, gayly. "Because the little steamer is not safe unless well ballasted. We pack ourselves in as closely as we can to steady it."

Arthur made a comic grimace. "A delectable place, this island of yours, if an hour or two's sail is fraught with imminent peril of life and limb."

"Rare delights are worth rare hazards," answered Elizabeth, sententiously.

"I will cheerfully embark with you in a ship that has no bottom at all, on one condition."

"What may your condition be?"

"I am dying to know why you want a brother."

A shadow, but a shadow only, clouded Elizabeth's gaysome mood. "We will make a bargain, then. You shall tell me what you mean by coming here to wait for a mirage, and I will explain—"

"The sorrow you fly from," Arthur put in.

"Nay," said Elizabeth, gently and pensively; "I can not promise so much."

"Make clear at least one of your mysteries. You hinted at a duel."

"You ask too much. We were strangers to each other two days ago."

"Who need dog's-ear an almanac except the bill-discounter? Friendships and peaches may ripen in a day: it depends upon the kind of day, of course."

"But if, indeed, time counts for little in the making of our friends, the fitness of things must be taken into consideration," said Elizabeth, demurely. "We are alone in the world, Flora and I. We must be very circumspect."

"Well," Arthur resumed, pleasantly, "you shall be as circumspect as you please to-morrow. You shall flout your faithful henchman, and fence yourself round with dragonish duennas. But I really will go to the light-house and help to keep the ship steady."

Just then a sudden blaze of fire-works diverted their attention, acquaintances came up, and the remainder of the evening was enjoyed in company. And not till near midnight the rose garden was hushed, save for the ripple of the waves, whilst till a later hour still the sound of music and singing disturbed the village.

Arthur could not sleep. He was in one of those moods when self-questioning was all the more tormenting because it seemed unnecessary. Why should he take any thought for a morrow which was pretty sure to be a pleasant echo of to-day? Why need he disquiet himself at having two beautiful images before his mind instead of one? The lovely Elizabeth might stay, "a cherished visitant"; the sweet and stately vision without a name would probably never be anything more. He dared not entertain the hope of seeing that incomparable lady in the black dress again. Those deep pathetic eyes that seemed to read the secret of destiny had without doubt questioned his own for the first and last time. He had lived through a brief distracting experience that must stand apart from the ordinary occurrences of life. But Elizabeth!—could not his introspections stop short here? How could harm come to him through this sweet girl? Why should he not in all trustingness and security allow himself to drift into love and marriage like others? Yet he reasoned, this young man, half æsthetic, half worldling, not without a touch of romance in his disposition, and certainly not without a touch of expediency: The thing I have desired is not an unmixed good. Love and wedlock, however charming, are disturbing influences. A man engaged heart and soul in intellectual work, and possessing some share of ambition, is best alone. Alike the paragon of spirit and attractiveness who absorbs him and the wrong-headed beauty who is as a millstone round his neck are hinderances to his mental expansion and highest intellectual aims. Measles in the nursery and *chefs d'œuvre* in the atelier are incompatible. No; he would revel in all the deliciousness this island had to offer him, and turn his back upon it when the time came, as one who has seen a mirage and nothing more.

"An idea strikes me," he said to Harvey next morning as they took their coffee in the hotel garden. "Why not stay at the light-house for a few days?"

Harvey looked blank. "We are very well here."

"But we ought to see something of the island."

"That will not take us very long," the younger brother replied, still lethargic.

"I am afraid if I leave you alone here you will be making a fool of yourself about that pretty Flora."

"Well," Harvey retorted, bearishly, "I suppose making a fool of one's self, as you call it, is no disgrace."

"We know absolutely nothing of these girls, charming as they are—their social position, family history, and so forth," Arthur said, affecting his gravest, worldliest manner.

"I do not mean to be a prig when I take to myself a wife, so expect no great things of me in that line," Harvey answered, still ruffled and disrespectful.

"I tell you what it is: we had better take the next steamer and be off and away. I do not relish our position—I do not, indeed."

"You had better get ready to go to the light-house," Harvey answered, swallowing the remainder of his coffee. Then both brothers had a hearty laugh, and began to make their preparations, Arthur adhering to his first intention. He should stay away a week at least.

"I wish you joy of it," was all Harvey remarked.

CHAPTER IX.

SWEET TALKS OF TWO.

There was no harbor on this side of the island, so that passengers had to be embarked in small boats putting off straight from the shore. As Arthur and his companions took their places in one of these, they saw the empty steamer, lying at anchor, sway to and fro like a buoy. Elizabeth had certainly not exaggerated the business of ballasting. No toy boat could look less seaworthy than the frail craft in which some scores of pleasure-seekers were so gayly about to adventure themselves. As, however, one by one the boats discharged their burden, the tiny steamer grew gradually steadier, and when at last it could hold no more, there seemed nothing left to desire. Hardly a spice of danger to tickle the palates of the enterprising, although, if report spoke truly, these little cruises, whether made by steam or sail, could never be very safe.

The currents were treacherous, squalls apt to rise without warning, and bad the best steamers placed at the disposal of tourists.

Smooth seas, clear heavens, and gay company seemed to bring security, and soon not a soul on board paid further heed to the crazy structure cleaving the bright waves so unconcernedly. The day was flawless, yet without the dazzling splendor of lower zones. Warm, tender, suffused with pearly light, a lovely sublunar sphere seemed this every-day world of July. In the transparent atmosphere all things stood out clear against the pale azure heavens, cliffs shining white, cresting forests, sail of distant shallops, but with softly graduated light and shadows, and quiet dove-like harmonies.

Arthur, sketch-book in hand, persistently avoided an animated group within ear-shot. He heard the voices of Flora and Harvey in merry persiflage, mingled with Elizabeth's graver tones. One or two friends had joined them, and from a certain retiringness in the elder sister's manner he gathered that she meant to be as good as her word, and to study circumspection for the future. Flora and Harvey she apparently regarded as a pair of children who only needed a frown now and then. For an hour they coasted the cliffs, snowy walls partitioning two blue worlds; then, as if about to turn their backs upon the island altogether, they steered straight out in the open sea for an hour more. They now reached their destination. On the other side of the fine foreland, come upon so suddenly, stood the famous light-house.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

The laziest must climb the dizzy escarpment as best he could; no shelter from the noonday sun on the narrow strip of shore; nothing on wheels to raise them to the airy heights from which one or two pigmies were looking down; full-sized human beings they could hardly be. None, however, shirked his duty, and soon the almost perpendicular sides of the cliffs had been scaled by all. Sea sights and sea sounds now vanished. They found themselves in a golden world of corn and flowers, not a tree anywhere; but who wanted shadow under these breezy heavens, every breath wafting coolness and fragrance, every step lifting into airier regions?

"This is delightful," cried Arthur, in the best possible humor. "I shall be able to sketch. But I see no light-house."

"The wise traveller never looks out for anything," laughed Harvey.

"But," Flora added, in a matter-of-fact way, "the light-house we must see, because we dine there. And look, yonder is the tall red tower, and the tables already laid in front."

"May we sit at your table?" asked Arthur of Elizabeth, smiling rather mischievously.

"It is a great scramble. We must just take the first empty places we find," was Elizabeth's unpromising reply. And true enough, though Arthur found an empty place at a merry table, it was not hers. Harvey contrived to sit near the sisters.

"How charming is this homely fare eaten in such a place!" cried the enraptured Londoner. "Black bread soaked in beer soup! They taste to me perfectly delicious."

"Do they really?" Flora said, with an ingenuous sigh. "For my part, I would so much rather eat fine wheaten bread and such potage as they gave us at the hotel in Berlin every day."

"Poor little thing," thought Harvey, "the life I could offer her would indeed be soft and easy compared to that she is evidently accustomed to."

Elizabeth interposed with dignity, and in rather a satiric vein, Harvey thought. "I do not agree with Mr. Venning. The fare is detestable in our island, but I dare say it will do him good."

"Do you take me for so gross a materialist, then?" asked Harvey, affecting a grievance.

"Which of us is free from materialism?" answered Elizabeth, severely. "You confessed to me yesterday that to eat with steel forks cost you a pang."

Harvey took the reproof meekly. At any price he must ingratiate himself with the elder sister. Before Flora he needed no caution. Meantime Arthur, as soon as dinner was over, without a word, set off, sketch-book in hand, determined to shut his mind to other temptations for the present. Having come so far, it would be absurd to go home empty-handed, and wonderful sketching was here, of a dream-like, unearthly kind. The vast golden plateau, open to the four winds of heaven, the flower-crowned buttresses flanking a continent, the encircling sea dim and remote as in a picture, were not to be matched with any recollections brought from the Old World or the New. Austereness of the North was here side by side with Southern fullness of life and glow, dazzling brightness of flowers under pale Northern constellations. The light-house itself, a fine square many-storied tower of deep red brick, stood in the midst of the corn and the poppies, but who cared to climb to the top when the very ground on which it stood seemed to belong to an upper sphere? Arthur dawdled deliciously, choosing this spot and that for to-morrow's labor; his mind was quite made up now to stay behind, so that there could be no need of hurry, he reflected. Throughout all these artistic enthusiasms he was wondering what Elizabeth could be about, and at last made up his mind to go and see.

From the headland scores of fairy ways led down to the shore, and in whichever direction he looked he saw straw hats and fluttering veils. Some were disporting themselves on the flowery plateau, others taking giddy paths that overlooked the sea farther below, a few had escaladed the light-house, and were surveying surely half Europe from the top. Arthur skirted the cliffs, distracted by the matchless scene—the broad open sweeps bathed in golden light, and enamelled with flowers dazzlingly bright, the pale phantom-like sea, the ineffable solitude, and the silence that brooded over all.

He had not gone far when he espied Elizabeth sitting alone on a grassy ledge of the cliff. A freshly gathered posy lay beside her, but she was gazing intently on the sea, lost in a reverie: so absorbed her mood that not till he was within a few paces did she turn round to greet him, in no uncordial fashion, he thought.

"May I rest here also?" he asked, letting his knapsack slide to the ground.

"There is no privilege here, not a boundary mark or a barrier in the whole island," Elizabeth replied, smiling. "Pray sit down."

"Here, if anywhere under the sun, then, people should speak their minds," Arthur began. "You and I have something to say to each other. We should not stand upon ceremony as if in a drawing-room."

"Yes, I have many things to say to you—if I dared—" There the girl stopped, hardly a blush, just a deeper carnation, mantling her cheeks.

"And I have one thing to say to you—if I dared!" echoed Arthur, emboldened by her timidity.

"Why should any man be afraid?" asked Elizabeth, with that fine flash in her eyes he had seen before. "You may behave as you please: the breath of slander can not harm you. But what a little thing may suffice to cover a woman with shame!"

Arthur naturally interpreted her words to be a passing comment. "Surely this is the very reverse of a squeamish place," he urged. "If our *tête-à-tête* is ill-naturedly gossiped about, then our neighbors fare no better."

True enough, many a group of the little company scattered about the headland had broken up into twos, and with excellent reason. The paths in this love-making island nowhere admitted of three.

"I am not thinking of a *tête-à-tête* just now," answered Elizabeth, "although even that might be blamed in me. I was looking further when I spoke." She turned toward him with the beautiful expression of candor and ingenuousness that rendered her face so charming, and added, "How can I feel sure that you are what I take you to be?"

"And what is that?" asked Arthur, briskly. All along he had been willing one thing and wishing another. He longed for the very confidences he felt ready to flee from.

"A good man," was the childishly straightforward reply. "None other can be my friend."

"What is goodness?" Arthur asked, impatiently. "Church-going?—then I am a sinner. Converting the heathen?—gramercy! write me down a villain. Almsgiving in the public ways?—'tis but a brand fit for the burning am I. But has not God given me a conscience as well as my more saintly neighbors? May not my creed be every whit as good as theirs?—better, if I damn them not? You catechise me."

"Are you pitiful toward the weak?" asked Elizabeth, with almost solemn inquisitorialness. "Could you slay the vile?"

Arthur smiled. "A man can hardly affirm so much of himself without blushing. Would you have me boast of being a paragon?"

Elizabeth mused. "My own countrymen have many virtues," she went on; "but I have always believed that there is more pitifulness in the English character, more gentleness; perhaps—dare I say it?—a higher sense of honor. Was it not in England that you invented the word gentleman?"

"That I am," Arthur said, almost meekly. He was trembling inwardly before this sweet confessor, wondering what she would ask him next.

"Then," said Elizabeth, with the same collectedness and directness of purpose, "if an English gentleman is all I take him to be, you will not despise a friendless girl for confiding in him. Listen," she said. "I must speak out. Something, I know not what, prompts me to appeal to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PELHAM BAY PARK.

It has been once or twice remarked that parks were the lungs of cities. If Manhattan Island is not very well furnished with these useful organs, the "annexed district," when it becomes metropolitan instead of suburban, will have cause to bless the liberal pulmonary provision timely made in its behalf by the commission of which Mr. Luther R. Marsh was chairman, whose recommendations are now in the course of execution.

The entire scheme submitted by these gentlemen, and adopted at the last session of the Legislature, comprises three main parks: Pelham Bay, on the Sound shore of Westchester, just beyond the point at which the East River widens into the Sound; Bronx Park, nearly midway between the Sound and the Hudson; and Van Courtlandt Park, lying on the eastern, which is the gentler, slope of the heights bordering the Hudson beyond Spuyten Duyvil, extending northward to the boundary of Yonkers, and bordering upon the east Woodlawn Cemetery, and upon the south Jerome Park, which are for picturesque purposes continuations of it. The three parks are to be connected by ample avenues, and the system is completed by smaller detached parks in the southern and more closely built quarters.

The most extensive of all is Pelham Bay Park, which includes two islands in the Sound (one of them Hunter's Island), and embraces some 1700 acres, or twice the area of Central Park. It has a very great advantage over Central Park, in that it does not need to be made, but only to be preserved. As we all know, Central Park has no advantages of situation. Its name sums up all that can be said in favor of its site, and it was established as a compromise between the claims of the projectors of rival riparian pleasure-grounds. The original difference between an artificial park like the Central and a natural park like the well-named Prospect Park of Brooklyn can never be wholly overcome by art. The Westchester parks all have this initial advantage of a romantic situation, and they have also the advantage of ancient trees, the lack of which in the Central Park is only now, after a quarter of a century, ceasing to be painfully felt.

The new parks differ widely, also, among themselves. It would not be easy to find in the same area a greater diversity of scenery than they afford. Van Courtlandt Park, the heart of the ancient manor of Van Courtlandt, which two hundred years ago extended all along the lower Hudson, and the manor-house of which is to be included in the attractions of the park, is a bold and rugged piece of hill country, and from it glimpses may be had across the Hudson of the still bolder and more rugged escarpment of the Palisades. At the foot of the declivity which Van Courtlandt Park occupies winds, generally in a languid fashion, Jacob Bronck's mill-stream, the "mine own romantic Bronx" of Rodman Drake, with banks still well wooded, and Bronx Park is a charming and peaceful reach of river. From the river to the Sound is a slightly undulating plain, having the flat and sedgy character that appears at intervals along the whole northern shore of the Sound, and that is especially marked in lower Westchester, where the plain is intersected by countless estuaries, and juts out into countless "necks," and where the roads have the aspect of causeways. The salt-marsh is in little esteem for agricultural purposes, and is quite unavailable for subdivision into villa sites, but it has a picturesqueness and a poetry of its own, as some painters and some poets have shown us, notably among the latter Lowell, who has celebrated the flats of his native Cambridge in the "Indian Summer Reverie," and Tennyson, of whom Carlyle declared that his birth and nurture among the fens of Lincolnshire had left an impression on his verse. Nowhere is this character more marked than at Pelham Bay, with its two islands separated from the mainland by little estuaries, and connected again by bridges. Beyond the boundaries of the park lies City Island, to which a bridge is thrown from an inner island, and beyond this Hart's Island. These diversify picturesquely the tranquil expanse of the Sound, here already a great sheet of water, the outlook over which is but for them unbroken.

There could be no better site than this for a public park by the water-side, and fortunately the dedication of it to this purpose will not interfere with any profitable private use, for the uses to which it has thus far been put have not been highly lucrative. Pretty as the place is, and although it is only five or six miles from Harlem Bridge, the charms of this shore have hitherto been almost unknown to New-Yorkers, except the marauders who come by water, and the citizens whose occasions take them over the Harlem River branch of the New Haven Railroad. Bartow, a station on this road, is within the precincts of the new park.

As has been said, Pelham Bay does not need to be converted into a park, but only to be preserved as a park. All that is needed to bring it into public use is more facility of access, and a police force which shall secure the innocent and quiet pleasure-seekers from molestation by pleasure-seekers who are neither innocent nor quiet. The parkway to Bronx Park will supply a more commodious drive than is now available. The waterway from the East River is already open and is ample. The construction of the wharves which will make it fully available for public use is a small matter. When this improvement is made, and walks are laid out within the boundaries of the park, Pelham Bay Park will be one of the most attractive, and not many years can elapse before it will become also one of the most frequented and useful, water-side parks in the world.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

Richfield Springs, *July* 24.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Will you allow me to make in your columns some observations upon the remarkable phenomenon of the Independent Republicans' movement? My active interest in national politics began more than fifty years ago, when General Jackson was a second time a candidate for the Presidency and Mr. Clay was his opponent. In all this long period there has been, in at least one respect, no parallel to the present situation of parties. For the first time in our political history the candidate of a great party is openly and publicly denounced by a large and influential section of that party as a corrupt and dishonest man. It is not for me to pronounce upon the justice or the injustice of the charge. In common with other Democrats, I have reason for voting for Governor Cleveland that do not involve an inquiry into the character of Mr. Blaine. But this Republican revolt from his nomination is a very striking occurrence. The Whig party, of which I was a member so long as it existed as a national party, once made a nomination for the Presidency that was pronounced as "unfit to have been made." But the objection to General Taylor was confined exclusively to his want of civil experience. No man, in or out of the Whig party, questioned his honesty or purity of character, or dreamed of imputing his unfitness to anything but the fact that he was a mere soldier. But now we have a multitude of most respectable men coming forward from the ranks of their own party, and proclaiming that its candidate must be defeated by all honorable means, because he is morally unfit to be put into a high position of public trust. They propose to defeat it by voting for the candidate of the opposite party—a determination which is certainly practically wise, and for which the Democrats have reason to be thankful, because it is based upon the position that their candidate is a man eminently fit to be trusted in all respects.

Heretofore, if one had judged from the universal tone of the Republicans, it would seem to have been their conviction that the Democratic party could not develop a public man who ought to be trusted in the office of President. It now appears, on the frank testimony of leading Republicans who have been sufficiently warm and decided partisans, and many of whom have never before bolted a regular Republican nomination, that the Democratic party has developed such a man, and that he is to receive thousands of Republican votes, not because he will be a choice between two evils, but because his election will be a positive good. The value of this concession goes much further than the contributory aid to Governor Cleveland's election that is to be given by the votes and the influence of these gentlemen. Their action evinces their complete emancipation from the old prejudice which has so long existed among Republicans against the Democratic party, and it is for this that the country is to be congratulated, and for this the country has become indebted to them. We Democrats have been trying for years to make the country feel, to borrow the words of Mr. Codman's statesman-like speech, that "the constitutional interpretations settled by the war are not disputed," that we "are at least nearly half of the people in the country," and that we "have no desire and can have no interest to check the national prosperity." It is no small public good to have these concessions and many others made by such a body of men as the late Conference of the Independent Republicans. And looking at the matter solely from our own position, we think we have a right to say that we have earned these concessions by our conduct, by the course and character of our leading men in public life, and especially now by the motives which dictated the nomination of such a man as Governor Cleveland, who was nominated because of our belief in his capacity and purpose to carry out the great reform which we wish to see made in the national government.

No one can find any fault with the Independent Republicans because they declare their separation from their own party to be a temporary one. But permit me to say that their just and honorable discrimination should lead them to appreciate the solid ground of the Democratic effort and purpose to reform the system of national taxation. It is quite true that in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican there are differences of opinion on the minor details of revenue legislation. But the distinction between the Republican policy, as represented by Mr. Blaine, and the policy in which all Democrats will be found to concur, is enormous. What we desire to change is the revenue system which pours into the Federal Treasury so much money that unconstitutional appropriations, and extravagance and waste in those that are constitutional, are the prevailing practice. We want an Executive who will watch both parties, and who will stop unconstitutional expenditures to the extent of his power, and will use his influence to prevent extravagance. We have reached a state of things in which the present system of taxation operates as a very insidious kind of corruption, and we are firmly persuaded that this corruption can be put an end to without injury to either capital or labor. It is amusing to read Mr. Blaine's defense of the existing system. He points to the law which applies the surplus to the national debt. Before there can be a surplus, the appropriations and expenditures of the fiscal year must be charged off against the gross revenue. Great as the surplus is—more than $100,000,000 per annum—before it is ascertained, there has been an enormous unnecessary expenditure.

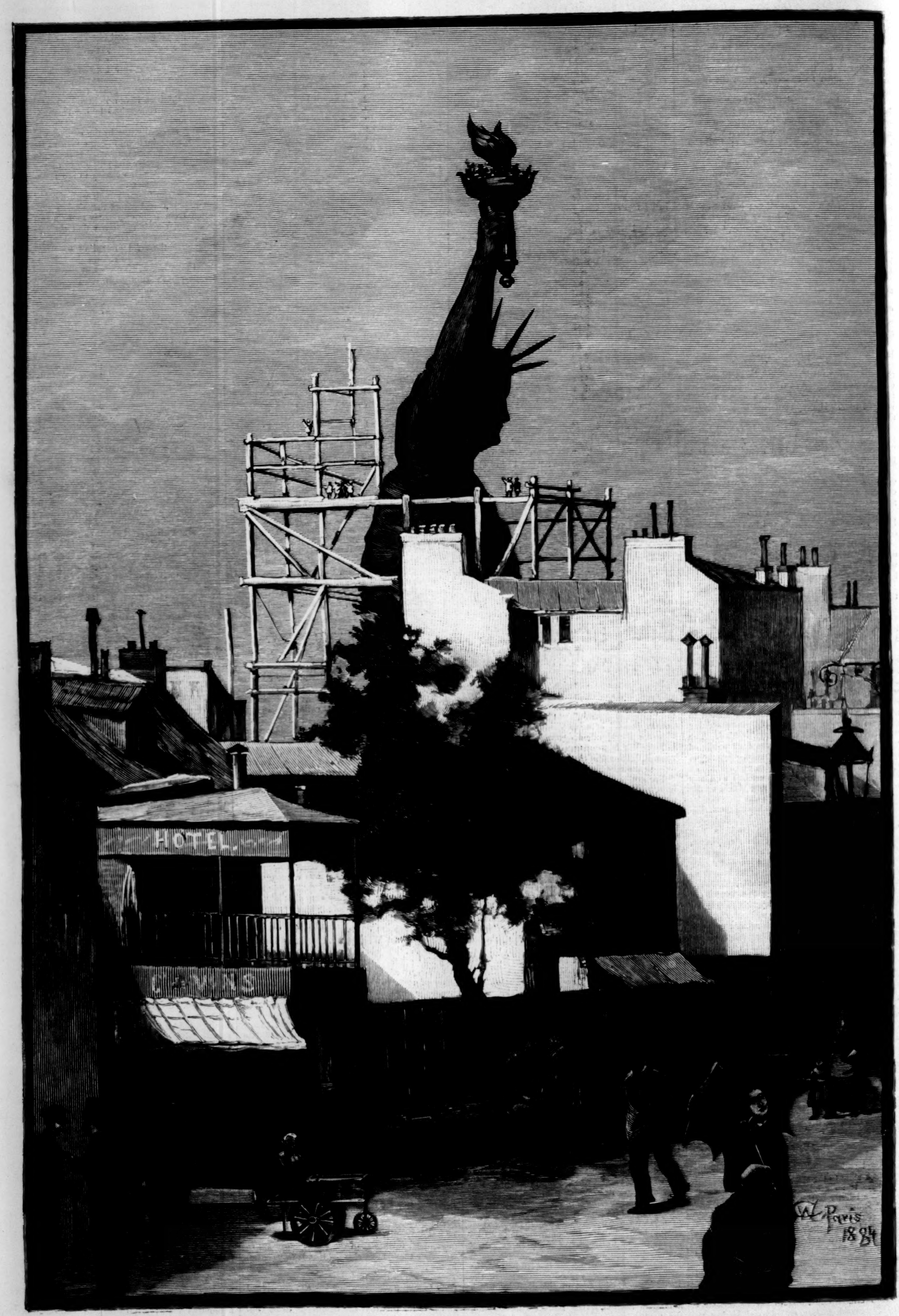
It is against many branches of that expenditure that we wish to strike, and we believe there can be a great reduction and still leave surplus enough for the extinguishment of the public debt as fast as it is expedient to extinguish it. If it were not for this and some other reforms, I for one should be willing to have the Republican party hold power as long as they wish to hold it. But I do not believe they can or will, under Mr. Blaine, restore the government to the true path of the Constitution, or check the waste of public money that is wrung from the people by unwise systems of taxation. Nor do I believe that they will or can carry out civil service reform. It makes all the difference in the world whether the civil service laws are administered by a party that is striving to retain power, or are handed over to a party that has just come in. If we can have a Democratic President who will begin by resolutely enforcing those laws in letter and spirit, sacrificing for himself and all around him every political advantage to be derived from his power over the holders or the expectants of office, and doing what he can for the perfection of that new system, the country may reap the benefits which it looks for. Such a President we may expect to find in Governor Cleveland, unless more than half of the nation are mistaken in his character.

G. T. C.

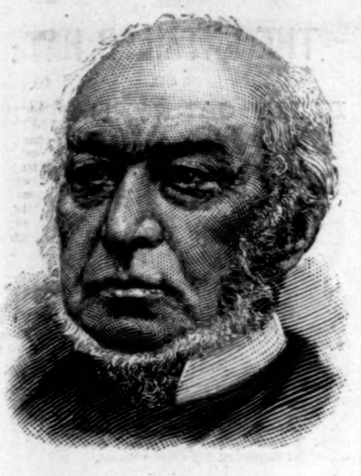
THE WEAR OF ENGLISH COINS.

More than eleven thousand pounds sterling worth of silver is wasted every year in the course of the circulation of crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences. One hundred sovereigns of the date of 1820, which were weighed in 1859, showed a loss in weight through the wear of circulation which was estimated at £1 6*s*. 7*d*. There is therefore more waste produced in the circulation of gold and silver coins than is generally thought of. A coin, when turned out of the mint brand-new, has a number of vicissitudes to pass through before it is again called in. It is constantly being abraded even by handling. An ordinary chemical balance, which will turn with the $\frac{1}{1000}$th part of a grain, will not show that a shilling has lost in weight when the thumb has been rubbed over it; but one of the feats performed by the induction balance—an electrical instrument, widely different from the chemical balance—has been to show that a coin undergoes loss even when a finger is rubbed over it. It will readily be understood, therefore, that in the numberless handlings a coin has to submit to in the course of years the loss arising therefrom becomes at last sensible to the ordinary balance.

Coins likewise suffer much loss in weight by abrading each other's surfaces when jingling in the pocket, and they are damaged each time a shop-man rings them on his table to see whether they are genuine or not. Every minute particle of matter removed in these or other ways lessens the weight of the coins, and makes them look old; and in the lesser coins, which are much used, this proceeds to such an extent that every one finds difficulty in telling a threepenny from a fourpenny piece. Some years ago a number of precise experiments showed that £100 worth of sovereigns lost £3 9*s*. 8.4*d*. of their value in a hundred years; £100 worth of half-crowns lost £13 11*s*. 8.8*d*.; £100 worth of shillings, £36 4*s*. 3.1*d*.; and £100 worth of sixpences lost £50 18*s*. 9.8*d*. in value, or more than one-half.


HOTEL
W. L. Paris 1884

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY—BEGINNING THE WORK OF REMOVAL.—Drawn by B. W. Clinedinst.—[See Page 517.]



THE LATE ROYAL PHELPS.
Photographed by C. D. Fredricks.

THE LATE HON. WALTER HARRIMAN.

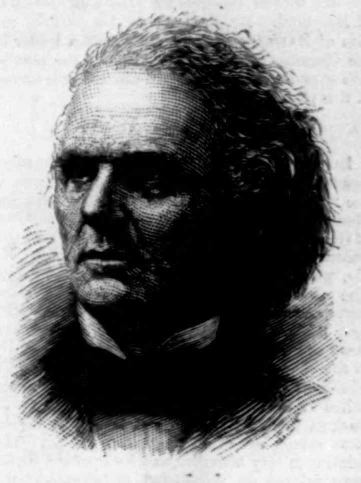
For many years General Walter Harriman, who died recently at Concord, New Hampshire, was closely identified with the political history of that State. He served as Representative and as Senator in the State Legislature, as Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Governor, and filled each position with marked ability. Up to 1861 he acted with the Democratic party; but from the outbreak of the civil war he upheld the Union cause in the columns of the Manchester *Union*, of which he was the editor; and in 1862, when President Lincoln's call came for more troops, he laid down his pen and took up his sword to aid in crushing the rebellion.

In August of that year he was commissioned by Governor Berry Colonel of the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, and in September left for the front. He led his regiment in the engagement at Fredericksburg, where they suffered severe loss. He was with the regiment until May 6, 1864, when he was taken prisoner at the Battle of the Wilderness, and was not exchanged until September 15 following. He was actively engaged in the canvass for the re-election of President Lincoln in 1864, but returned to the front, and was active in the last fight in front of Petersburg, April 2, 1865. At the close of the war he was brevetted Brigadier-General, to date from March 13, 1865. In June, 1865, he returned home with his regiment, and was elected Secretary of State by two successive Legislatures. He was elected Governor in 1867, and re-elected in 1868. In 1869 he was appointed Naval Officer at the port of Boston by President Grant, and held the office until 1877.

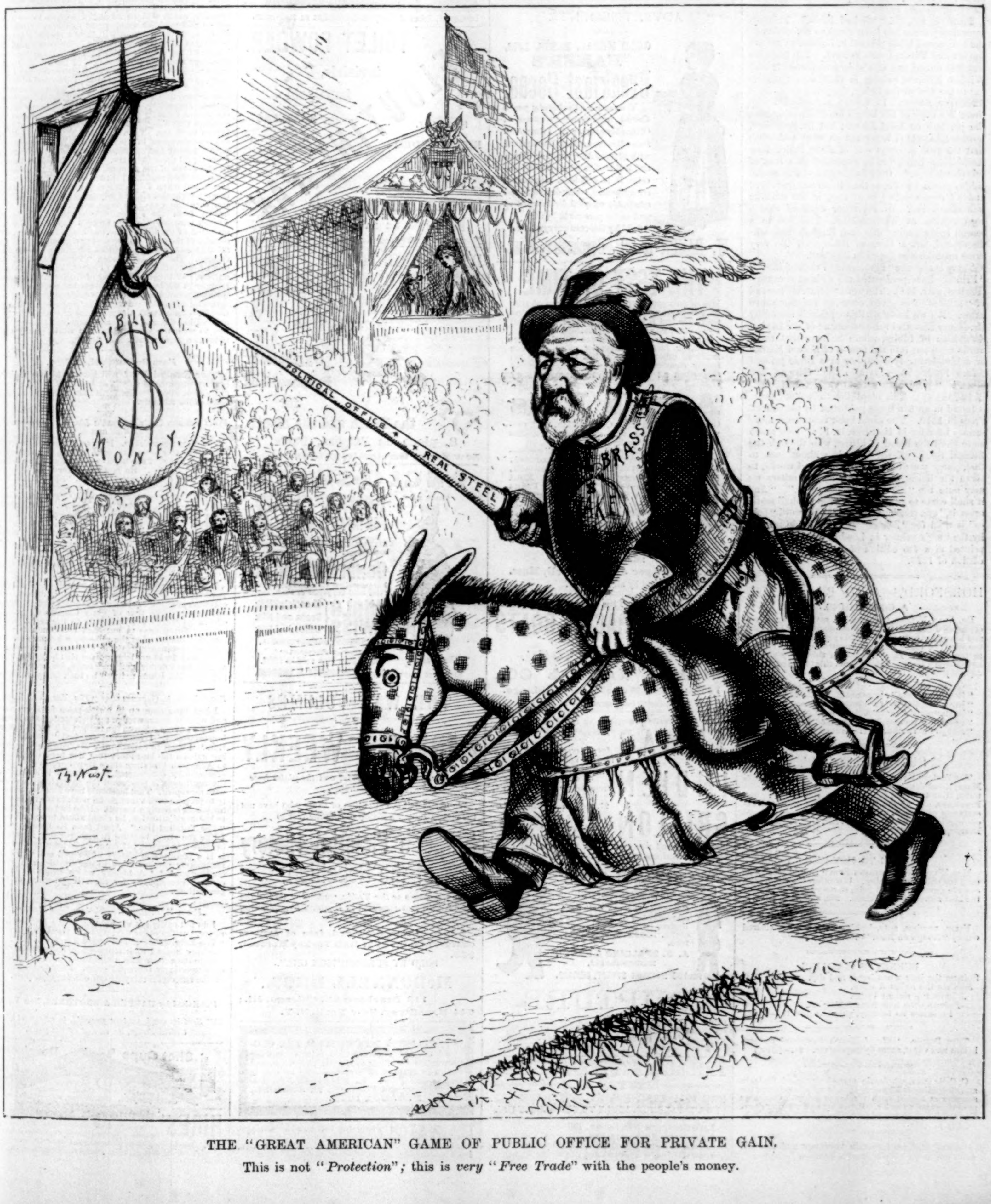
The last years of his useful life were passed in tranquil retirement. His health began to fail about two years ago, and on the 25th of July he died at the age of sixty-seven.

THE LATE MR. ROYAL PHELPS.

Mr. Royal Phelps, who died at his home in this city on the morning of July 30, after a painful illness of six weeks, belonged to a class of merchants which New York alone may be said to have created, and of which New York certainly has long been proud. He came hither without fortune, and his career increased the wealth and honor of the metropolis. He detested personal notoriety, but he was public-spirited in the large sense of the term. With everything to tempt him to cultivate the tastes and the demeanor of an aristocrat, he was a democrat on principle. His



THE LATE GOVERNOR HARRIMAN.
Photographed by W. G. C. Kimball.



THE "GREAT AMERICAN" GAME OF PUBLIC OFFICE FOR PRIVATE GAIN.

This is not "*Protection*"; this is *very* "*Free Trade*" with the people's money.

large fortune goes to the children of his daughter, the late wife of ex-Governor JOHN LEE CARROLL, of Maryland. Mr. PHELPS was the head of the firm of MAITLAND, PHELPS, & Co., and a leader in the Chamber of Commerce. He had the reputation of giving some of the best dinners ever served in this city.

CURIOUS BIBLES.

BESIDES the "Breeches Bible," there are other issues renowned for curious misprints. There is the "Place-maker's Bible." "Blessed are the place-makers, for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt., v. 9). This extraordinary misprint occurred in the second edition of the Geneva Bible, published at Geneva in folio in 1561–2. The mistake was corrected, and, as far as I know, never occurred again. Again, there is the "Vinegar Bible." "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter-heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717. The book was published by J. Baskett in imperial folio, and is said to be the most sumptuous of all the Oxford Bibles. The printing is very beautiful, and some of the copies were printed on vellum, but unfortunately the proofs were carelessly read, and the book printed by Baskett was called "a basketful of printers' errors." The book is now prized on account of its typographical faults.

There is, too, the "Wicked Bible." This extraordinary name has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of one of the commandments; and William Kilburn, writing in 1659, says that, owing to the zeal of Dr. Usher, the printer was fined £2000 or £3000. In Laud's published works there is a copy of the king's letter directing that the printers be fined £3000; but Dr. Scrivener, however, asserts (I know not on what authority) that the real fine was one of £300, inflicted by Archbishop Laud, "to be expended on a font of fair Greek type." Only four copies of this scarce Bible are now known, as the edition was destroyed and all copies called in as soon as the mistake was discovered. Dr. Scrivener declared that a copy existed at Wolfenbüttel. This led to a search being made. No such English Bible was discovered, but a German Bible with the very same mistake was found in its stead.

There is also the "Persecuting Printers' Bible." "Printers have persecuted me without a cause" (Psalms, cxix. 161). The word "printers" instead of "princes" has given occasion for the above name. All we know of this edition is stated by Mr. Henry Stevens in the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition of Bibles, where he says that these words were put into the mouth of Cotton Mather by a blundering typographer in a Bible printed before 1702. There is also the "Ears to Ear Bible." "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear" (Matt., xiii. 43). This adaptation to Cockney usage is found in an 8vo Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810. The same book contains a more serious blunder in Hebrews, ix. 14: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from *good* works, to serve the living God." And among others we may note the "Standing Fishes Bible." "And it shall come to pass that the 'fishes' shall stand upon it," etc. (Ezek., xlvii. 10). The word "fishes" is used for "fishers" in a 4to Bible printed by the king's printer in London in 1806, and reprinted in a 4to edition of 1813, and in an 8vo edition of 1823.

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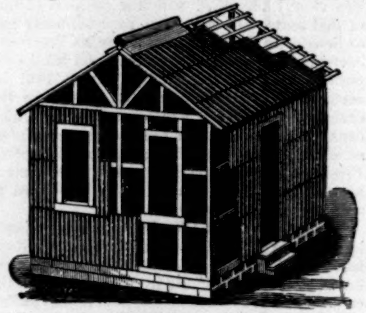

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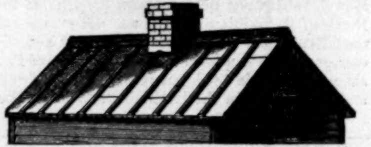

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR.

From Colonel JOHN HAY, *President Lincoln's Secretary.*

I have just read "The Entailed Hat," and hasten to express my thanks for the pleasure it has given me. It has every sort of interest—a remote, unknown, and most picturesque setting; a great variety of attractive characters; a swift and exciting movement; a satisfactory moral purpose. If it has a fault it is in the excess of its merits, the abundance of everything, the poetry, the history, and the scenery. I have waited for it with much eagerness, and it has far exceeded my expectations.

From ex-Postmaster-General JOHN A. J. CRESWELL.

I have read "The Entailed Hat" through carefully. It is, beyond all question, the best of Gath's works, both as to conception and execution, and tried on its intrinsic worth will be adjudged worthy to be preserved and read for many years to come. While to an Eastern Shore man it will have a special interest, because of the charm of genuine romance with which it invests the lower peninsula, it will none the less challenge and hold the attention of the reading public by a succession of passages of extraordinary merit, all aglow with the fire of true genius, and equal to the most highly prized efforts of the modern masters. The description of Hard-scrabble (page 16) is wonderfully suggestive. As I read it, I took in the whole scene, and actually felt that traditional yearning for solitude that a sight of the funereal cypress always brings upon me. Then Meshach Milburn's night of sad reminiscences in the old family hut is portrayed with a fidelity and tenderness that make the lines almost liquid upon the page. The boy's ride, followed by the death of the mother, touched me profoundly. After the first reading, I turned back and repeated it aloud, and when I concluded, the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and my whole soul went out in unison with the exquisite tone which the writer had drawn from the sympathetic chord in my heart. Vesta's realization of her father's condition, the description of the library, the mocking-bird's song, the council of the pines on the deserted camp-ground, are all true and faithful pictures, admirably drawn and colored. The chapter headed "Twiford's Island" is one of marvellous power. I think the title is too narrow, and suggests nothing of the larger scope and purpose of the book. The author has the fructifying, teeming mind kept in continuous activity by the inspiration of genius; a vivid and exhaustless imagination, coupled with a rare command of the most apt and telling language. I am confident that he will live to wear the laurel which the world gladly concedes to a great writer.

From General E. M. McCOOK.

"The Entailed Hat" will take as high a rank in literary romance as anything belonging to the modern school, and I predict for it many editions on both sides of the Atlantic.

From THERON C. CRAWFORD, *a Leading Correspondent at Washington.*

The story never drags. It is out of the beaten paths. The characters are sharp, well-defined, and are alive. The local color of the book is laid in with the broad touch of an artist. He is a much keener student of nature than I would have thought. Above all, it is a truly American book. It is so vigorously and honestly written as to make such books as the milk-and-water —— seem weaker than before. Throughout "The Entailed Hat" there breathes such a spirit of genuine kindness and true manliness, and such a knowledge of human nature, that I cannot find words to properly express my admiration.

From CROSBY S. NOYES, *Editor of the "Washington Evening Star."*

It is the strongest and best sustained of all Mr. Townsend's works. The local color, dialect, and graphic narration of striking historical and neighborhood events, like that of Patty Cannon, all help to give a Scott-like verisimilitude to the story. How he ever found time to put such conscientious work into this story, and at the same time keep up his volume of newspaper work, is a matter of wonder, or would be if I had not long ago got past being surprised at any feats of his pen and brain, backed up by a physique that seems to know no such thing as fatigue.

From JOHN A. COCKRELL, *of "The New York World."*

I had been shut up in a sick-room for some time, and want to acknowledge my indebtedness to the author for having relieved the tedium of a portion of my imprisonment. I have just finished "The Entailed Hat." I want to congratulate Mr. Townsend on having written the best story that has been contributed to American literature since Hawthorne's day. It is dramatically constructed, the interest is unflagging, the sentiment is good, and the characters are drawn with rare spirit. That he should have found opportunity to prepare such a thoughtful work in the midst of all his labors is really a marvel. If he had no other claim to literary distinction, he could afford to rest all upon "The Entailed Hat." Apart from its literary merit, I like the story, because it is thoroughly American, because it is certain to lift our social tone, and because it is a picturesque history of an evil era, which unfortunately yet lies close to our broader and better civilization. * * * A history which needs to be recounted occasionally for the strengthening of new generations.

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I do not easily get wrought up over a fictitious narrative, but the other day, when at Harper's, I bought "The Entailed Hat," and began it in the cars. After reaching home I took it up again, and have now to charge the author with a night's sleep. I regard it as an exceedingly powerful story. I congratulate him on the successful carrying out of a large purpose.

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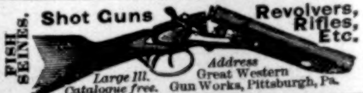

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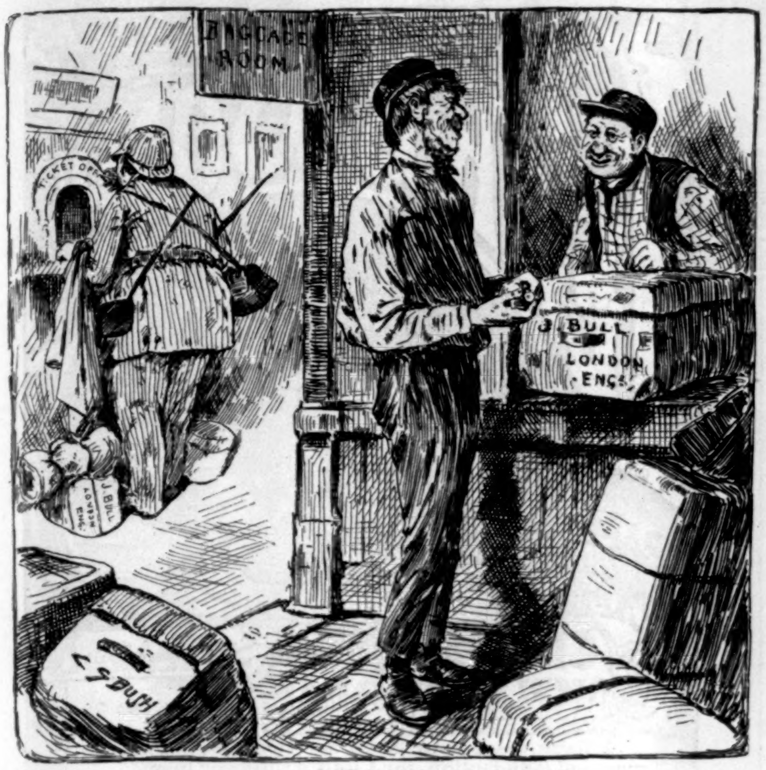

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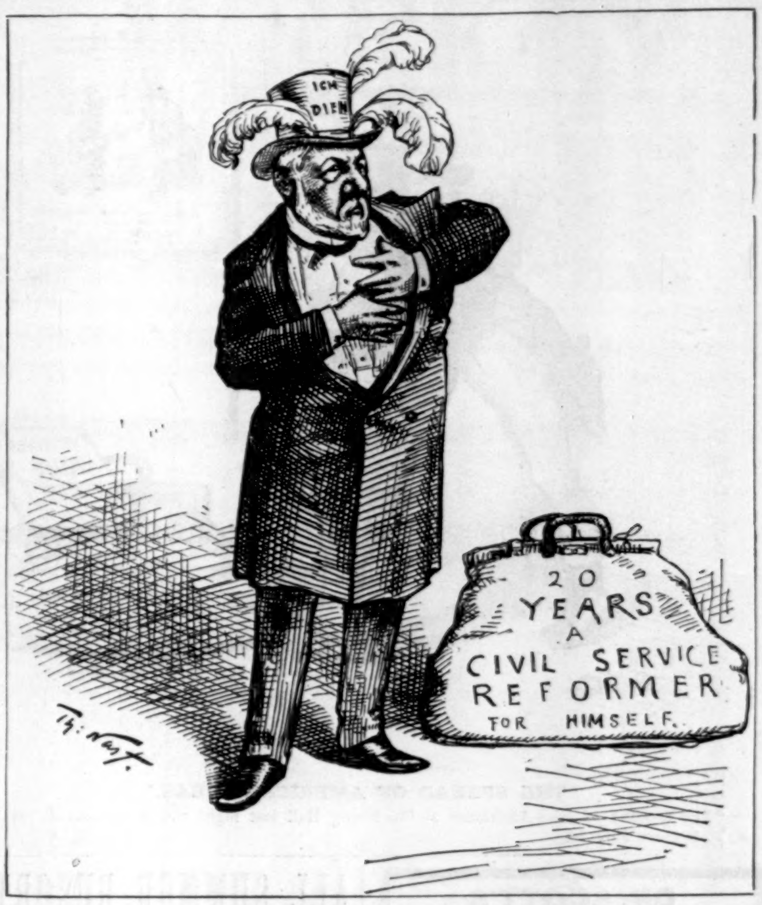
Baggage Master (*referring to English tourist*). "Well, Pat, s'pose yer twisted the lion's tail and got the *tip*, didn't yer?"

Porter. "Bedad, an' I did; I sez to him, sez I, 'You're a gintlemin an' a scholar,' an' he tipped me a quarther fur the twist."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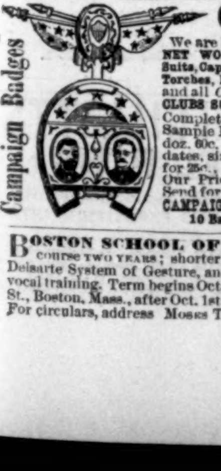

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